

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

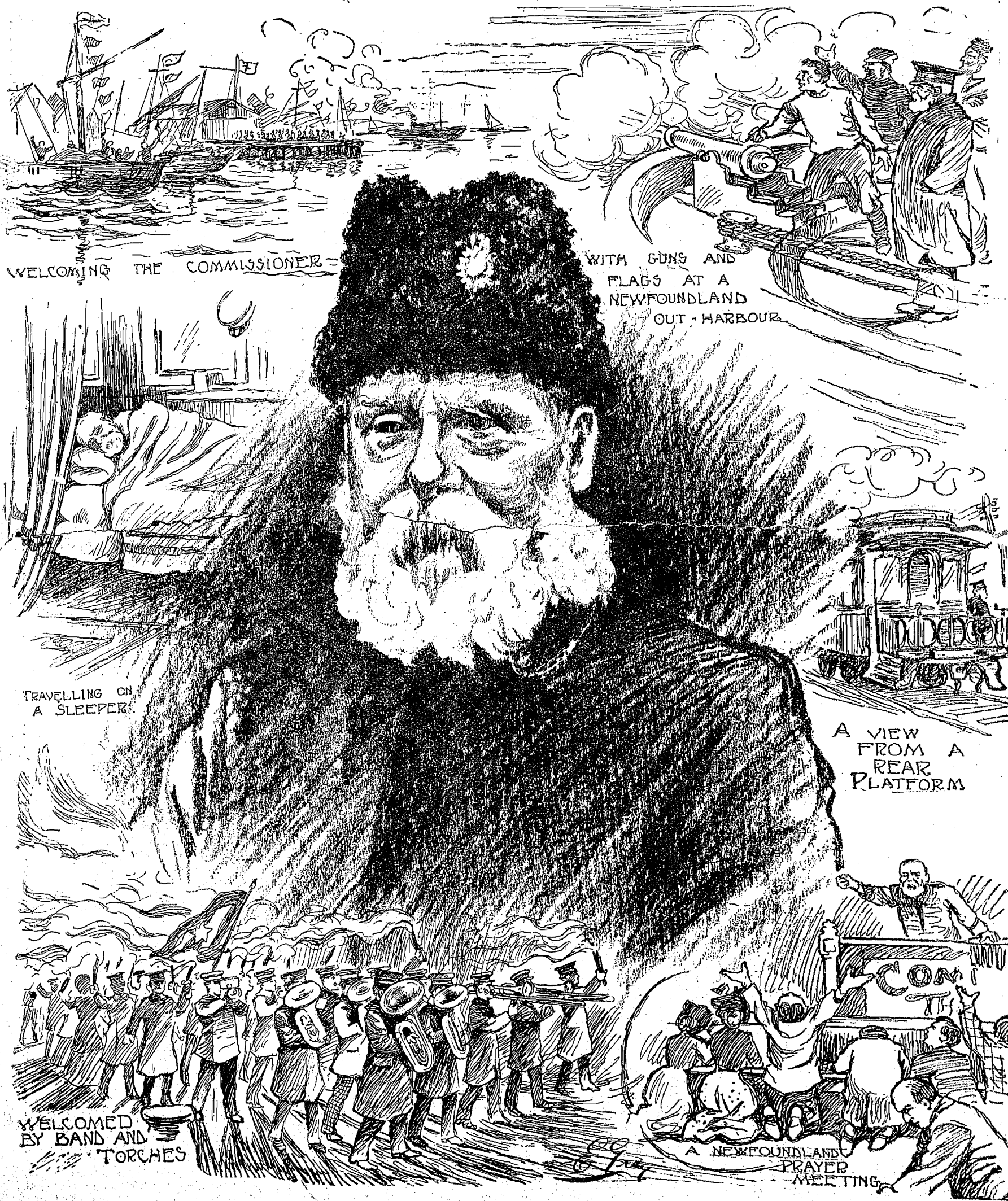
25th Year. No. 20.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents

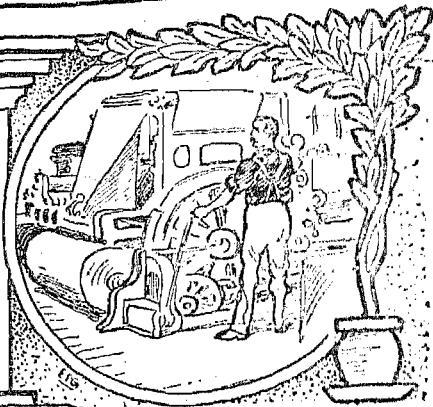


COMMISSIONER CADMAN.

(See page 3.)



Cutlets from Contemporaries.



Two Men Who "Made Good."

What Happened When They Turned Their Energies in the Right Direction.

One of our Officers, a man familiar with men and their ways, has for many years had an interest in the men and women coming to us. His knowledge of men is remarkable. Among the stories told by him is that of the owner of a well-known magazine. Fifteen years ago he was an inmate in one of the State's institution where he had gone for embezzling \$10,000. Upon his release he determined to forge ahead and be a man. He owns his plant to-day, and is well off. Another proof that a man can "make good," if he wills so to do, is that of a business man in the downtown district, who recently called and offered his assistance to help along the worthy cause. Upon inquiry as to the "Why" he took an interest in our boys, he replied that over fifty years ago he had held up stage-coaches in the West, and considers himself a lucky man in not being filled with shot.—American Social Gazette.

On Keeping a Diary.

A Few Useful Hints for Our Readers.

Who is there among us, who has not, at one time or another, decided to keep a diary or journal or something? Perhaps in the beginning of a new year a book has been obtained, and for a time a careful account has been kept of the occurrences of each day as it passed. Then interest in the matter has gradually waned, time has not been available, other pursuits have claimed our attention, and the diary has been left unentered.

Thus, long before the year had run its course, diary-keeping, like so many other things, which, if persevered in, would have proved eminently profitable, has been utterly neglected.

Whether any of my readers have had experiences such as these, or not, let me advise them to start a diary with the New Year, for the habit may be to them, a means of grace and discipline of the mind.

Much will depend upon the bent of your thought, the time you have at your disposal, and your fondness or otherwise for writing. Perhaps, however, I may suggest a few useful lines along which your diary-keeping may run.

Let your diary be your friend. Tell it your hopes, your desires, your fears; disclose to it your defeats, and inform it of your victories; let it

know of the persons you have met, the work you have done, the way you have spent your time; mention may be made of any letters you have written, comments may be made upon any books you have read, and the way you may have disposed of any spare cash you may have had, may also be revealed.

"What will be the benefit of all this, to me?" you ask.

I reply as Paul answered in another connection, "Much every way." It will give you practice in the expression of your thoughts; it will foster a spirit of gratitude, and be an outlet for your praise when you have triumphed; it will help you to see yourself, and to acknowledge your weakness when you have been defeated; it will help you to arrive at an estimate as to whether you have been thrifty or prodigal with your time and money; and it will be a means of ascertaining whether you have understood and retained that which you have read.—The Y. P.

A Rolling Stone,

And the Effect of a Policeman's Talk.

"I was brought up in a God-fearing family," says an African Salvationist, "but being desirous of 'seeing life,' left home at the age of sixteen. After many ups and downs I, two years later, joined the military, but shortly afterwards deserted, walked to the coast and stowed away on a cattle-steamer, thus reaching America. I served the devil well there, and became a slave to drink. After a rolling-stone life for two years, I returned to England, to again serve in the military, and was sent to the West Indies, Bermuda, and eventually South Africa. After serving through the War, I bought my discharge and plunged into sin deeper than ever. After an exceptionally wild spree, which almost landed me in penal servitude, I was walking to work one morning, when I was accosted by a Sergeant of Police. I expected his business with me had something to do with my evil ways, but judge of my surprise when he put his arm on my shoulder in gentler fashion than I had anticipated, and walked to the top of the street with me, telling me of the love of Jesus, and finishing by giving me an invitation to The Army Hall on the Sunday night. I told my wife at night about this peculiar policeman, and we decided to pay The Army a visit, but it was three weeks before I ventured into the little Hall in Piers Road, Wynberg. At last one Sunday night I plucked up courage to go, and the close of the service found me at the

mercy seat. Hallelujah." — African War Cry.

Companionship.

Entire Separation from the World.

It will be seen that to come up to the standard demanded by The Army's principle and apostolic direction of separation, the Salvation Soldier must forego the pleasure he once found in football matches, or similar sporting gatherings; it will also shut him out from theatres, music halls, concert halls, the circus, and dancing-rooms—in short from all and every kind of gathering in which unconverted, worldly people mix together for the purpose of profit or amusement.

His companions, rightly, should be selected from among the most spiritual and devoted of his comrades in the War.

On this point The General is particularly emphatic. In associating with any outside The Army (he says) the Salvationist should especially avoid all who are Christians in name only, and particularly those who, while making loud professions of a "higher life" religion, are worldly in spirit, fashionable in dress and style of living, and unconcerned about the perishing souls about them. These people are the most dangerous of all.

The safest and most desirable companionships are to be found at the meetings of especially for spiritual comradeship, such as knee-drill, holiness, and Soldiers' meetings.—British Cry.

The "Angels" Came,

And Husband and Wife Were Saved.

He was a sinner, and did not try to disguise that fact. He was miserable in his sins—that was evident by his conduct. But the only reply he would give the Officers, who were pleading with him, was that he "could not be saved until he heard the angels song." So he went home unhappy.

Not long after he and his wife had retired for the night, they were suddenly aroused from their dreams by the most charming singing. "Tis the angels!" shouted he; "tis the angels singing!"

Hastily dressing himself, he came down to look more closely into the mystery, and found, to his surprise, that the "angels" were half a dozen Salvationists—men and women—who had come round to his house to tell him once more of a free and present salvation.

This was too much for him. He

there and then gave in and obtained pardon. Then the wife knelt by his side and also cried for mercy, so that ere long they, too, were both able to sing with the "angels."—Australian Cry.

The Cleansing Flow.

O sea of God's forgetfulness,
How wide, how deep thou art!
Engulfing all my sinfulness,
New strengthening my heart.

O river, by the healing leaves,
Whose virtues never cease!
Thy flowing stream, overshadowing
trees,
Give life and health and peace.

To wells of free salvation joy
No money need I bring;
Of priceless worth, yet offered me,
And so His praise I sing.

Who opens wide a fountain, too,
For sin and every ill;
'Tis not for just a favoured few,
But "whosoever will."
—New Zealand Cry.

The Mother's Responsibility.

A Lesson from the Birds.

An observant bushman, whilst travelling amongst the Mallee scrub, was attracted by the excited cries of a pair of small birds. Taking time to examine the cause of their distress, the man grew nearer, and saw the birds—male and female—trembling about a bush, the mother bird in particular uttering cries of terror, and never leaving the said bush for more than a few seconds. Presently she sighted the onlooker, and, wondering to relate, flew straight to him. She fluttered around him, then dropped at his feet, and, hopping a step or two ahead, flew to the bush and then again back to the man, never ceasing her pitiful cry. "She wants me to follow her," thought the man, and going up to the bush found a huge snake beneath, and a tiny nest sheltering a wee feathered family abode. His snakeship was quickly despatched, and, with an instinct of gratefulness not to be expected apart from human understanding, the little cock and hen bird fluttered around their deliverer without any show of fear.

What a picture for parents! God has placed us and our children in a world in which dangers and enemies exist on every hand. It is ours to build the nest, to provide for it, and watch over the nestlings with tender, careful love; and at the same time commit them definitely to the care of our Heavenly Father.—Australian Victory.

educated, clever and eloquent, but he does not give that as the reason of his confidence.

4. He will inspire confidence in humanity.

If we want to help people and lift them up we must have patience with their weaknesses and take into consideration their environment and heredity. We shall remember that there is a higher law than either of these—the law of God's love. I heard a simple illustration of this some time ago. A lady walking down the street in a large city, noticed some men lifting a heavy stone by means of a derrick. The law of gravitation was calling with all its power of ten thousand pounds, "Come down," but the higher, stronger power of the derrick was lifting it up into its place in that building. So the higher power of God's love can lift men up out of adverse conditions to take their place in the temple of life.

The Praying League

Special Topic For Prayer: That our Legislators may seek Divine guidance in all their deliberations, and enact laws which may make for that "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

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Sunday, February 14th.—Joseph Made Known. Genesis xlv. 1-15.

Monday, February 15th.—Joseph Sends For His Father. Genesis xlv. 16-28; xlv. 2-4.

Tuesday, February 16th.—The Long Lost Son. Genesis xlv. 5-30; xlv. 1-6.

Wednesday, February 17th.—The Egyptians. Genesis xlv. 7-25.

Thursday, February 18th.—Ephraim and Manasseh. Genesis xlv. 1-20.

Friday, February 19th.—Twelve. Genesis xlv. 1-28.

Saturday, February 20th.—Funeral of Jacob. Genesis xlv. 33; l. 1-13.

THE NEED OF 1909.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

(Continued from last week.)

Not Unreasonable.

Beloved, God is not unreasonable. He takes cognizance of the condition and environment of our lives, but if we are endued with the Holy Ghost we shall have the mind of Christ, and in great measure will show the power of His indwelling life before men. There will be that great soul-hunger to imitate the example of Jesus, and a striving to a fulfilling of the Divine injunction, "Be ye holy as I am holy." If we have been endowed with the blessed Holy Spirit, we shall love Jesus with a personal, passionate devotion. The Holy Ghost is the Revealer of the Son—not only through the Word, but through the sacred

revelation of Himself to each seeking human heart. How sweet are the glimpses He gives of His mercy, compassion and tenderness to those who live in the communion of the Holy Spirit, with Himself!

3. He will inspire confidence in ourselves.

Fear often cripples the usefulness of God's children. What glorious opportunities lie unavailed of through timidity! The difference between Jeremiah and Paul was that Paul was brave, with the conscious power of the Spirit. When God desired to send Jeremiah with a message to His people, he answered, "I am a child," (Jer. i. 6). Paul tells us humbly, "I can do all things," (2 Cor. xii. 9, 10). Why? Paul was baptised with the Holy Ghost. It is not confidence in personal ability or education, though the more richly endowed in this respect, the more efficient and useful God's servant's may be. Paul was

FOUGHT THE FIRST FIGHTS OF THE SALVATION ARMY

Commissioner Elijah Cadman, First Army Comrade of The General, Who Will Visit Toronto, Tells a Newspaper Man Some Particulars of His Life.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN, fresh from Newfoundland, the Eastern Province, and Montreal, and the North-West, will shortly be in Toronto, where he will conduct a great meeting in Massey Hall, and farewell from Canada, in the Temple. Those who know this dear comrade, are anticipating a great time. It is expected that he will have some very racy and original comments to make about the parts of Canada and Newfoundland that he has visited, for the Commissioner is a great traveller, and well able to make comparisons that are not odious. It is also hoped that a mighty ingathering of souls will be witnessed, for the Commissioner is a great soul winner, and has had some blessed seasons during his visit to this country, and especially Newfoundland. Pray for the success of his final campaign.

The following racy write-up is from the Montreal "Standard":—

Commissioner Elijah Cadman, a little old man, with a beard almost white, and an unquenchable fire in his eye, tore off his tunic, and in the red sweater of The Salvation Army, hurled his message to the people in The Army Hall on University Street this week, with as much force and vigour as on a day away back in 1878, when he presided, amid tumultuous scenes, at the birth of the Organisation which has since spread its influence into all corners of the civilised world.

"God made me a parson in half an hour," he said, "and I could neither read nor write. I have been a parson ever since. From the man who fought with his fists for a pot of beer, to the man who fought for the Word for the love of God!" With a natural gift of oratory and an earnestness which discounts these things he has brought countless numbers of his hearers to better thoughts. Truly a remarkable character, a man who has crushed into his years more vivid experience than usually falls to the lot of a regiment of men, whose personality is one of the buttresses of The Salvation Army all over the world, who has many a time paid a bitter price for his convictions, and for whom the most persistent scoffer must have at least a sneaking admiration.

Like Oliver Twist.

He has the Tapleyian brand of humour, too. What was really martyrdom is not blazoned as such. It has become a joke, and the listener can do his or her own interpreting. "Stones and broken bottles were flying, and my poor old silk hat was flattened like a pancake!"

He was also Dickensian in his earlier life, coming very near to the picture of Oliver Twist. "To begin at the beginning—I was born! My father was very fond of the drink,

and he died when I was fifteen months old. There were four of us children, all young, and mother struggled on as best she could, working in the mill, until she fell sick. I was sent to the workhouse, a pauper.

"Now, poverty is no disgrace, but it is mighty inconvenient. I was fed sparingly, and generally treated as an article of no consequence whatever. At the mature age of five-and-a-half, I was apprenticed out—in other words, I was sold to recompense the rate-payers—to a chimney-sweep. In those days chimneys in England were swept by little boys, who climbed them. Only thin boys were useful, so the chimney sweeps kept them thin! Many a boy was suffocated or burned to death in the chimneys in those days. If you were too fat to scale a chimney, the chimney-sweep stabbed you with a fork and you had to get up somehow, often naked. Arms, legs and body were lacerated, and to heal the wounds speedily you were doused with salt and water! Many a time I have paused in the middle of a chimney and tried to die.

Drunk at Six.

"My master made me drunk when I was six, to amuse some friends—I have often tried to analyse their sense of humour."

"My clothes, such as they were, never came off except when I had to sweep chimneys. Think of a child with nothing but an old shirt on, standing in the snow and ice beside a chimney on the top of a four-storey building, the winter winds whistling, the danger of slipping, and the thought of having to enter that chimney and navigate its dark, sooty, stifling, tortuous ways to the bottom!"

"Public opinion finally revolted at this form of white slavery, and a law came into force forbidding the sweeping of chimneys by persons under the age of twenty-one. I was thirteen years of age then, and my master, good, law-abiding citizen, immediately made me twenty-one! Mother had died long before, and I had no means of tracing any connections. I was a slave indeed.

"At seventeen I was as tall as I am now—which is not saying a great deal—and was hard-knit, from the vigorous nature of my slavery. The pent-up feelings of years broke loose one day, and I set on my master like the animal he had made of me. He was taken by surprise, and I knocked him to the floor, jumped on him, kicked him in the face, and ran, hoping I had killed him, though I heard afterwards that he went to his work the next day as usual.

A Fighting Man.

"I became a loose and disorderly character, a fighting man and trainer,

mixing with the worst classes of people, and, in my ignorance, thinking myself a very brilliant person.

"I did not know the Bible, beyond that I thought the Old Testament to be a secondhand book bought for children. One day, in a Methodist meeting house at Rugby, whither I had strayed by idle curiosity, the new outlook came to me. I changed at once my mode of life, learned my alphabet and simple spelling from the Bible, and worked as an evangelist among the people who had known me as a pugilist.

"Opposition! Those were days! Clashes with the mob and the police, the butt of the rough joke, and the target of the broken bottle. But it was all in the game, and the occasional successes that came my way, kept me ever bright and cheery. Years passed in this work in Rugby. I married, and moved to London, to begin the campaign there in the worst slums. It was there I met the Rev. William Booth. We joined forces in Whitechapel, and our first band consisted of twenty-six workers, men and women.

"The Salvation Army's big drum is safe in Whitechapel now, but in those days we marched four deep, two men, then two women, the men roped together, with orders to form a circle in disturbances, with the women in the centre.

"Our banners were torn, lamps smashed, clothing ripped into shreds, heads cracked. We never took the offensive, but a powerful woman, child of the slums, who bore the nickname of Old Mother Winkle, used to bring a rolling-pin along occasionally and fight for us.

"My house was raided repeatedly, windows smashed, and other damage done. These stories might be multiplied scores of times, as our campaign gained in strength and spread itself to other cities.

A Great Struggle.

"At Whitby, in 1878, during the Russo-Turkish war, when everyone was expecting the newspapers to come out with the story that Great Britain had entered into the struggle, I used the topic of the times as the means of drawing people to my religious meetings, pasting up posters of a war-like nature, with the signature of 'Captain Cadman.'

"As a result, our meetings were packed, and the title of 'Captain' stuck to me. As the Rev. William Booth was coming on to Whitby to lecture in the Cause, I pasted up more posters, extending what then seemed to be an advertising novelty by announcing 'The General is Coming—signed: Captain Cadman.'

"This was the beginning of the great military-religious organisation. We called it The Salvation Army, so it remains.

"Even then our fights against bitter prejudice and active hostility were only beginning. I have seen them lived down city by city, county by county. Only a year ago I saw the Hallelujah song on Finnish streets where hitherto we had been mere regarded as interlopers, or political suspects."

When the little old man in the red sweater waved his arms in the Hall on University Street and shouted "Now, everyone, clap your hands, and stamp your feet, and let your voice go in the good old song!" there was swell of sound above the crashing of the band that might have been heard half a mile away.

CHRISTMAS AT PORT SIMPSON Carol Singing and United Service.

With ideal Christmas weather (light snowstorm, and a sharp, crisp bracing air) Christmas was kept in real good old-time style in Port Simpson.

On Christmas Eve, our Corps Carol Singers "waited" first of the Hos al, and the white population, and sang some pieces on the reserving out side the Barracks. As listened to the sweet melody praise of the Babe of Bethlehem trilling out on the early morning from our Native comrades, thought of the time, scarcely thirty five or forty years back, when he en chants rung out instead of praise to our God.

Christmas Day was one of "unity." It started with a united service at the Methodist Church, with a congregation of over seven hundred people. Appropriate Christmas music was ably rendered by the choir. The Rev. Mr. Reilly preached a fitting and helpful sermon.

In the evening our S. A. Hall filled to overflowing, many being able to gain admittance, though somewhere about four hundred were packed in. Captain Roe talked to on the words "Fear not" (recorded in the 2nd chapter of St. Luke) and Carol Singers favoured us with some of their sweet carols.

On Tuesday evening our Jun held their Annual Demonstration Christmas Tree. This was thoroughly enjoyed by Seniors as well as juniors, especially the arrival of St. Claus.

We are believing for many souls and are working hard that a good that will stand the test of eternity may be done in our village.—G. S. R.

Lieutenant McKee has had a rousing time at Wallaceburg, January 17th, four Cross, and on Tuesday more returned. There's more to come.

Feast is a Success.

Everything Eaten—None Without Price
Turned Away—Generous Support Given.

Two hundred and twenty-five people were fed at The Salvation Army dinner on Christmas day, and many more would have participated in the feast, had the supply of good things not been consumed by the many who came in good time.

It was the largest dinner given by The Salvation Army in Dawson for years, and one of the biggest of the kind ever held in the North. In earlier days some great spreads were served by The Army, but under somewhat different circumstances.

Many tables, each accommodating four to a dozen, and set about in separate locations, each in snowy white linen, and decorated with flowers and fine tableware and resplendent with every concomitant of jolly company and good things to eat, afforded a scene that would make glad the heart of anyone.

The guests began to arrive at 1.30 o'clock, and continued coming all through the afternoon. Many business men attended. They went to show their sympathy with The Army, and to aid in the cause, as well as to get a good dinner.

A large box with a hole in the top, was placed near the door, and those who were able to pay dropped in what they desired. Some gave several times the value of the dinner, and some gave nothing. All who were able did not fail to contribute, but those who were down on their luck were not known to the hosts from the others. Many of the boys who were without the price may be the fellows in luck in another six months in this land of rapidly changing fortune, and some who happened not to have the price yesterday frankly told the Officers they would have the price in the spring. And that The Army would get the price of the meal and much more. They were told that if they ever got the price ahead and wanted to do anything for The Army it would be well, but if not, what they had received had been given with pleasant and the best wishes for the recipient.

Nine waiters were required to serve the feast, and The Salvation Army Officers are grateful to the assistants for their good work. Although a vast number partook of the bounty, everything moved in the greatest regularity.

The good things served included everything from soup to nuts, embracing salads, turkey, chicken, roast meats of every kind, cranberries, jellies, puddings, pies, cakes, nuts, oranges, apples, pate de foie gras—everything imaginable.

Ensign Johnstone and his efficient corps, including Mrs. Johnstone, Bro. Denne, Brother Waller, and Lieutenant Wright, deserve the greatest thanks and praise for their good work.

Ensign Johnstone says that if he is in command of the local Corps next year that he will give another such dinner, only on a larger scale. A great number of friends had to be turned away yesterday afternoon, simply for lack of sufficient food.

The Ensign desires to thank the merchants of the city, the "News" and other friends who so ably assisted in making this dinner such a success.

In the watchnight service at Parrisboro, we had an enrollment, when eleven comrades took their stand beneath the dear old Flag. May God keep them faithful. The fire still burns, and souls are being saved. We hope for another enrollment in the near future.—Max.

Eighteen persons knelt at the mercy seat at Dunnville, on Sunday, January 24th. Ten came for salvation and eight for holiness. Captain S. Cooke assisted, and the meetings were particularly powerful.

Prayer is like
the soul to God
Uniform
the
the

THE Thames' Embankment.

What The Army Does for the Homeless who
Congregate There.

By F. I. McKenzie.



Homeless Men on the Thames Embankment, London, Eng.—Taken by Flashlight.

THE chimes of Westminster sounding over the Thames struck midnight. The clouds were threatening rain; the wind, cold, biting, and searching, made one move briskly. It was a night for thick overcoats and quick motion.

Walking along the Embankment, close to the arches of Waterloo Bridge, my attention was drawn to a long queue of men standing close to the wall of Somerset House. The ragged company, three or four in a line, stretched back almost as far as one could see, and there could not have been far short of six hundred present. A few policemen at the head kept them in formation, but there was no need of police to maintain order. What a gathering it was! The sight of it chilled one more than the winds of the winter night. Here was an army of homeless men, not one with enough in his pocket to pay for a bed for the night, and not one able to find refuge in Shelter or casual ward.

I walked slowly down the ranks. Who were these? They were the homeless and the penniless. They were literally the outcasts of London, the seekers after work, seeking and failing; the unemployable and the unfortunate. In them one touched the lowest depths of misery.

As I looked at the faces and studied the manner of the men, one's first impression was that, as a body, they were hopeless and unhelpable. Here and there was a man erect, bright-eyed, and with some attempt at personal cleanliness, but most of them slouched miserably. Their clothes were of the poorest, the colour washed to a brownish-yellow by exposure to rain, the shape gone, the trousers in fringes, and the coats with gaps; the faces were dirty, heavy-eyed, and usually unshaven; the neck coverings little more than wisps of rag; the shoes revealing sopping places between soles and uppers.

The air of abject misery on every face was the final touch. It seemed as though, amid all the glamour and the light, and all the world-wonders of London, a great chasm had opened at one's feet, revealing fathomless depths and impenetrable blackness below.

The men had assembled for a purpose. I had scarcely advanced half-way along the ranks before there was a movement forward. Some Salvation Army Officers were standing at the head of the procession, and as the men passed them, guided by the kindly city police, each was given a ticket entitling him to a bunk of bread, a basin of soup, and a brief rest in a warm room at Westminster.

"Yes, we meet some terrible sights on the Embankment. The policemen allow the tramps to rest here as much as they can, although they are supposed to keep them moving. It is not safe to let them sleep too long. It has been known on these winter nights for a man to drop off to sleep on the seats and freeze to death. If this happens, the policeman on the beat gets into trouble. Not many nights ago my comrade and I saw a man staggering as he was walking. We thought he was falling and rushed up to him, only to find that he had fallen asleep as he was moving on. He told us afterwards that he had been tramping the streets of London for ten days and nights, without money, and not knowing where to go."

The Salvation Army Officers, I noticed, gave their tickets to every one who asked. There was no enquiry made of any, and no one was refused. Those responsible for this charity have the idea that the man who will stay out in the open until after midnight, in bitter winter weather for a basin of soup, shows by that very fact that he must be in desperate need. When the Officers get into close touch with them later on inquiries are often made.

The men had scarcely received their tickets before they hurried by

ones and twos down the Embankment, past the luxurious hotels and great clubs, and underneath the very shadow of Westminster itself, to a little Hall in Millbank. As they scurried across the big open space in front of St. Stephen's, they seemed as the very ghosts of London.

The first batch of three hundred men was already being served as I entered the Hall, and when they had finished one or two other lots would follow, all men gathered from the streets. This was not a busy night. On some of the worst evenings over one thousand men apply. I gazed upon the crowded Hall, where the men were packed together as tightly as could be. It was a sight that might well have melted the sternest heart. Here the contrast of the faces came out more. Under the electric light one could pick out, even in this sunken crowd, a number whose looks and bearings showed that they were still trying to keep themselves from the depths. There were old men here, grey-haired and feeble. There were boys drawn to London, the magnet, in the hope of making their fortunes. Many were desperately hungry, as one could see by the wolfish way they seized on their fare. Nearly all were dog-tired, as might be seen by the drooping manner in which they sank on their seats. One was not surprised to note more than one head nodding over the food. There was a terrible silence in their ranks. Scarce a joke, scarce a laugh, scarce a remark passed among them, as they sat there hugging their brief spell of shelter and warmth.

The sight of an army of men waiting on London streets for a free meal at one o'clock on a bitter winter night is significant of much.

Band Chat.

On Thursday, January 14th, Major Green commissioned the Brantford Bandsmen, Songsters and Locals for the present year.

The Band at Cobourg is in good condition both spiritually and musically. We are now playing some of the latest marches, including "Under the Colours," "Plymouth," "The Cadets' March." The Band is making a stir in the town, and has been quite a blessing to the people during the Christmas serenading. The townsfolk have a high opinion of the Band.—B. A. S.

Under the leadership of Bandmaster Jarrett, of Owen Sound, a number of the young men of the Corps have formed themselves into a Company known as "The Young Men's League." They are pledged to a few simple rules, hold meetings regularly, and each member goes in to help the other fellow in an all round way.—F. A. Wade.

London I. Songsters, under Leader Harp, are progressing favourably. They recently did some excellent serenading, when their organ proved its worth, and finances were splendid. The Victoria Hospital and S. A. Rescue Home were visited. A commissioning of a number of Songsters will take place shortly, and a Songsters' social is being contemplated.

"IF."

If everyone were wise and sweet,
And everyone were jolly;
If every heart with gladness beat,
And none were melancholy;
If none should grumble or complain,
And nobody should labour
In evil work, but each were fain
To love and help his neighbour—
Oh, what a happy world 'twould be
For you and me—for you and me!

And if perhaps we both should try
That glorious time to hurry;
If you and I—just you and I—
Should trust instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter-hearted,
Perhaps in some near-by-and-by
That good time might get started.

Jealousy not only does harm to those around us, but it harms also our own souls. Jealousy is the worst thief, liar, and murderer, for it is bent on slaying all the time.



Sleeping on the Benches on the Victoria Embankment, London, Eng.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

To Stamp Out Tuberculosis.

A New York doctor has formulated a plan for the complete eradication of tuberculosis from the city. He proposes to establish a series of camps to accommodate some 12,000 people at a time. Not all of them would be patients. The fact that the children and other relatives of tuberculosis patients have been proved to contract the disease from proximity to the patients, would make it advisable, when one member of a family is attacked, that he should be sent to one camp and other members of the family to another, in order that any tendency to contract the disease may be counteracted by means of fresh air and food.

He says that he does not believe in removing patients to other climates or in exposing them too much to the sun. The scheme will cost between twenty and thirty million dollars. There are about forty thousand known cases of tuberculosis in New York at present.

Faith and Medicine

An eminent English physician has recently expressed himself as regards the Emmanuel movement, which is making such headway in Boston. He denounces as dangerous and un-Christian, the doctrine that faith can take the place of competent medical treatment, and eloquently argues that the results of centuries of honest medical study and experience are as truly gifts of God and as fully charged with power as were the methods of the Early Church.

He admits, however, the possible benefit of faith treatment as an adjunct of ordinary practice. He says:—

"Mental healing has been recognised and long acknowledged to have basis of truth and fact, and may be employed by honourable and skilful doctors who have the gift and power to use it. I see no objection to the practice of unction and the laying on of hands by Christian ministers for those who desire it, but I regard this as an additional means of help, a solemn form of assurance and comfort, together with prayerful ministrations in conjunction with, and as a reinforcement of, the best skill of legitimate medicine. To replace the latter by the former, I regard as a withholding of God's gifts to man."

Scheme to Help Unemployed.

The royal commission inquiring into the problem of the unemployed reports that there are at least nine million acres of land in Great Britain and Ireland in need of re-forestation, and recommends that with the aid of men now out of work, a hundred and thirty thousand acres of this might be planted in trees every year, until the whole area should be planted. After eight years the now useless regions would, the commission calculates, yield a revenue of \$17,800,000 at present prices, and forty years hence the new forests would be self-supporting.

Lord Rosebery on Thrift.

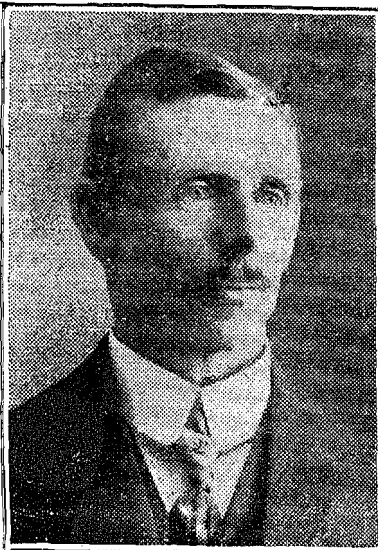
Speaking at Edinburgh recently, Lord Rosebery took "Thrift" as his subject. He defined it as getting full value for your money and looking ahead. He pointed out that thrift was not avarice, and that all the great philanthropists had been thrifty men. "Thrift," he said, "means care, foresight, tenderness for those dependent on you." In referring to the criminality of waste, he said that waste is in reality an offence against ourselves and against the economy of the whole world. He stated that all great Empires have been thrifty. When the Roman Empire ceased to be thrifty it degenerated and came to an end. In conclusion, he said: "Though I do not pretend to preach thrift from an exalted standpoint, I do beg those who are here present, and those outside these walls whom my words may reach, to remember that thrift is the surest and the strongest foundation of an empire—so sure, so strong, and so necessary that no great empire can long exist that disregards it."

Bung Gets a Hard Knock.

A noted temperance lecturer, speaking at Montreal recently, dealt a heavy blow to the saloon-keepers.

"Beer-sellers," he said, "pretend to be great philanthropists. They give to religious and charitable causes, but their charity is a hollow mockery, for they impoverish and pauperise wholesale with one hand, while they dole out the mites with the other. A man in England gave five dollars towards the funeral expenses of a drunkard, whose entire possessions he had absorbed, and, as a drunkard, was doing his business only harm. The drunkard is doing more harm to the saloon-keeper's business than any other person, while the moderate drinker is the main support of the traffic. No liquor dealer is fit or should be eligible to sit on any board as a representative of his fellow citizens."

There is not a single lofty motive in the mind of the man who deals out drink. He is different from the manufacturer of other goods, the



Mayor P. J. Henry, Ridgeway, Ont., who entertained the Commissioner.

teacher, the preacher or the grocer. He is in the business because, preying on weak men's appetites, he believes he can make more money with less capital, less brains, and less effort or energy than in any other way."

More Earthquakes.

The earth seems to be having a mighty shaking just at present. Not long after the Messina disaster occurred, came news of a severe shock in Asiatic Turkey, by which over three hundred houses were destroyed. Volcanic eruptions are also reported from Mexico, accompanied by slight earthquake shocks. When we consider the frequency of such visitations within the last few years, notably at San Francisco, Kingston, Valparaiso, Naples, and Sicily, we may well ponder the words of Christ, when speaking about the signs of the end. He said: "There shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows." Whether these dreadful visitations are a fulfilment of that prophecy or not we cannot be quite certain, for earthquakes have occurred in all ages. But the rapidity with which they are succeeding each other now-a-days may well lead us to the conclusion that the coming of the Son of man draws nigh. Let us watch and pray, and continue to do His will until He comes, lest coming suddenly He finds us sleeping.

Some Needed Legislation.

At the opening of the present session of the Canadian Parliament, several bills were introduced, which, if passed, will cause a great deal of satisfaction to the country. The first was a Bill to amend the Passenger Ticket Act. Next came a Bill to amend the Railway Act, by providing for the elimination or protection of railway level crossings. From all over the country people have been crying out about the danger of such crossings, and it will be a good thing

if they can be done away with. Another Bill strikes at the practice of carrying daggers, knives, and revolvers, and proposes the use of the lash upon wife-beaters. Hon. Chas. Murphy introduced a Bill to amend the Naturalisation Act, explaining that the proposed amendment was similar to a provision in the English Naturalisation Act, which stipulated that in addition to other safeguards in the Act, an alien, on applying for naturalisation, shall furnish evidence on oath or affirmation of two British subjects, that the applicant is of good character.

A Gap in the Law.

In the criminal law of the United States there seems to be a gap through which astute monied rascals can wriggle, and thus escape punishment.

In commenting upon the acquittal of Hains, Mr. Darrin, the prosecuting attorney said:

"Under this verdict it is perfectly safe for any person who is ingenious enough to frame up a defence to go out and kill. Private vengeance seems to have taken precedence over the people's life."

Then there is the case of the notorious Thaw. His relatives are pressing for his release from the asylum, on the grounds that he is not now insane. These men may possibly escape the punishment decreed by the laws of their land, but they cannot escape the judgment of the Great White Throne. No "brain storm" theories will avail at that tribunal, for it is written, and the decree is unalterable "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

Our Lake Water.

A deputation recently waited upon President Roosevelt to gain his assistance in furthering the movement for the prevention of the pollution of the waters of Lake Erie by the refuse of factories and the sewage from towns. It was stated that the lake is becoming little better than a huge cesspool because of the enormous amount of sewage drained into it, and that as a consequence, its waters are unfit for human use.



Mrs. P. J. Henry, Ridgeway, Ont.

The same may be said of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River, for the poison germs in Lake Erie are not destroyed by the cataracts and whirlpools of Niagara, but pass on to the lower waters. The population along the lakes is increasing enormously, and upon their tributaries are many towns and factories, the sewage from which is so deleterious that fish cannot live in the polluted waters.

It is necessary, therefore, that steps should be taken to prevent this, or a national plague may result.

New Use for Telephone.

That the telephone can be put to use for catching fish, has been demonstrated in Norway.

A microphone, the role of which consists in amplifying submarine sounds, is shut up in a thin, water-tight steel box, and kept in constant



Where the Commissioner Was Entertained at Ridgeway.

communication by metallic wires with a telephonic receiver installed on the fishing boat. It is stated that with this apparatus the fisherman is always informed of the approach of fish. Moreover, it is said that each kind of fish gives in the instrument a particular sound. Thus, the arrival of herring is signalled by a sort of whistling; the codfish announces its arrival in the neighbourhood by a sort of grunting.

Truly the ingenuity of man is remarkable. What will our ancient fishermen say to this?

Walls of Jericho Found.

For some time a party of German scientists have been excavating on the supposed site of ancient Jericho, and they have now discovered some interesting ruins.

After a week's digging, the exterior wall of the vanished city was encountered at a depth of eight feet below the surface. The excavators were astonished at the technical excellence of the construction.

The walls consisted of three parts. The natural rock foundation is overlaid with a filling of loam and fine gravel a metre or so deep, upon which a sloping rubble wall, heavily bulging externally, is superimposed to a height of twenty feet, the breadth being from six and one-half feet to eight feet. The wall is built of well-laid rubble, which becomes finer towards the top. Enormous blocks are partially employed for the lower part of the wall. Every interstice is most carefully filled in, so as to offer no advantages to the implements of destruction of a hostile force.

Finally, upon this imposing foundation, is the fortification wall proper, built of clay bricks. In one place this part of the wall reaches a height of eight feet, but it would seem to have been considerably higher. The whole must have been a most striking structure, which dominated the whole plain without the city, and must have been visible for miles.

Yet at the word of God, these walls crumbled, and the hosts of Israel marched into the city. God still lives to give striking answers to the believing prayers of His people.

Mussel Harbour Arm.—With Captain Keepin at the helm, and Lieutenant Button by her side, we are making good headway at this Corps. The meetings in the past have been times of blessing to all that attended, and the Friday night holiness meeting, January 15th, was a time long to be remembered. One Sister got the glory, while the Spirit of God was felt by all. We are expecting an enrollment in the near future. One who is deeply interested.

Brockville.—Last Sunday, January 24th we had the pleasure of seeing five comrades enrolled as Soldiers under the Yellow, Red, and Blue, and as they have already given evidence of the Blood and Fire stamp, we are confident that they will be a great blessing and help to God's work here. At night, after a hard fight, a backslider returned to the fold, while others were visibly under conviction. —P. R. F.

Promoted to Glory.

BROTHER GEORGE LITTELS, OF
BONAVISTA, Nfld.

It is with much sorrow we chronicle the death of George Littels.

George was the eldest son of our esteemed Treasurer, James Littels, and was in his twentieth year. He had been away from home for the last few months, and returned just before Christmas, apparently quite well, but had only been home a few days when he became quite sick, and in defiance of all medical aid he grew worse daily, until, on January 8th, he passed away.

A few days before his death, he became very much concerned about his soul, and was filled with a great longing to get right with God; this greatly cheered his father's heart, and soon praying people were at his bedside pointing him to God, and it was here, on his deathbed, that George got saved.

He soon became very weak in body, and just a few moments before he died he looked the writer in the face saying, "I shall never see you any more in this world, but I hope we shall meet above." His last words were, "Oh, Father, these pains are hard to bear. Come, Lord, Jesus, and take me home."

The funeral service was conducted on Sunday, and was very largely attended. Our prayers and sympathy are with the Treasurer in his great sorrow.—E. N. F. H.

BROTHER CHARLES COFFIN, OF
NEW ABERDEEN.

New Aberdeen.—Again our ranks have been broken. On Sunday, the messenger of death visited the Hospital ward, and our comrade Charles Coffin was summoned home. He had been sick for a few weeks, but very few thought he would leave this earth so soon.

Brother Coffin was a native of Newfoundland, and was converted at Pilley's Island sixteen years ago. He came to Cape Breton nine years ago, and when this Corps was opened he was one of the first to become a Soldier. His consistent life has won for him many friends, and great sympathy. I had the privilege of being with him a few hours before he died, and when he asked if there was any message he would like to send to the comrades, he said, "Tell them to be faithful and meet me in heaven," and again he said, "I shall soon be there."

He leaves a widow and two children. At the memorial service his dear wife came and gave herself to God.

The sympathy of the entire Corps is extended to all the bereaved ones in this hour of their great sorrow.

Not now, but in the coming years,
It may be the better land;
We'll read the meaning of our tears
And then up there, we'll understand.

—W. Hargrove, Captain.

BROTHER ALEX. BIGNEY, OF
SPRINGHILL MINES, N. S.

We have lately suffered a loss in the sudden promotion to Glory of our comrade, Alex. Bigney. He was converted many years ago in the States, and served as Sergeant-Major in his Corps there, where his earnestness, godliness and intelligent talk won the esteem of many. Since residing in Springhill he has acted as Bandmaster, his wife and son also playing in the Band.

Our Sister, Mrs. Bigney, has been suffered to pass through deep waters, having also lost two precious children.

Brother Bigney had only been working an hour or so at his employment in the mine, when a sudden fall of coal killed him instantly. Thank God he was ready. His last testimony in The S. A. Hall was that he was right with God, and that his one desire was to be, and do good.

His funeral was conducted by Captain Forsey, and throughout was most impressive. Much sympathy is felt and prayers are asked on behalf of his dear wife and six children. It is a blessed fact to know that

A Terrible Tale.

An Incident Connected with Our Women's Social Work.

ARE the daughters of Rahab to be pitied or blamed? Could we but know the circumstances that led many of them to take up their awful calling, there is no doubt that in many cases our striking disgust would give place to more sympathetic feelings.

Here is a story of an erring girl. Can anyone conceive of a more terrible life tale, or a clearer case of one being more sinned against than sinning? This subject is now in one of our Homes, and the narrative is true in every particular.

The girl was born in England, but through wretched circumstances, was, when but an infant, placed into the cold, uninspiring atmosphere of the workhouse. There, with three brothers and sisters she lived until ten years of age. Then, with one of her brothers, she was, by the workhouse authorities, sent to Canada.

A farmer having applied for a boy and girl was given the charge of this brother and sister. They were taken to the farm. Next day the man offered to take the boy and girl for a walk and to show them round the fields.

Unsuspecting evil, they gladly accompanied the man, who, after they had got into a secluded part, on some pretext or other sent the boy away, and then, in spite of the screams and the struggles of the frightened little girl of ten, the evil-minded ravisher accomplished his foul purpose.

What chance had tender innocence against the strong inhuman despoiler in that evil hour.

The man poured the most terrible threats into the ears of the frightened child as to what would happen if she told anyone what he had done. She believed him and kept her awful secret locked up in her troubled little breast, though she often went herself to sleep.

Bigney is serving God, whom we know can sustain and help her to train her precious children aright.—A. Thompson, Corps Cor.

BROTHER BOND, OF WINDSOR.

On January 12th, Brother Bond, a dear comrade amongst us for about seven years, went home to Heaven, after a month's pain and suffering. On January 15th, we laid him in his last resting place in the sure and certain hope of meeting him again, where pain and suffering cannot come.

The funeral service was well attended, and one dear Sister sought and found forgiveness.

The memorial service was held the following Sunday night, when Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Sergeant-Major Ward, of London, were present. It was a very solemn and impressive service. As the different comrades spoke of the faithful and consistent life of our departed comrade, it made us feel more than ever the necessity of following closely in the footsteps of the Blessed Master, and at the close of the meeting, six precious souls wept their way to the foot of the cross, making a total of fourteen souls for the day.

BROTHER GEORGE SCOTT, OF
BOTHWELL, ONT.

After suffering for some time with heart trouble, on Wednesday, January 20th, our dear Brother laid down the Cross to receive the Crown. While lying upon a bed of affliction, he was able to sing praises to God.

We laid him to rest on Friday, January 22nd, with the hope of meeting him where partings are no more. Staff-Captain Crichton conducted the funeral service.

Brother Scott leaves a sorrowing wife and two small boys. May God bless and comfort them.—F. H. J.

For five years the man wrought his unholy will on this friendless girl. The wife at times was suspicious that all was not right, but womanlike dreaded the discovery of such a shameful thing as a husband's unfaithfulness. At length she forced the girl to tell her all. When the dreadful news came out the infuriated wife attempted to wreak her vengeance on the helpless victim, and made three cruel slashes with a knife across the girl's face. The husband then came to the rescue of the wronged one. A terrible fight then took place between the husband and wife, during which the unhappy fifteen-year-old girl, bleeding and terrified, fled from the horrible place.

Without a friend to help, advise or protect her, she was further taken advantage of by the unscrupulous persons she found herself amongst in the place to which she had fled, and it is not surprising to know that with her upbringing and blunted moral sense she sank still lower in immorality and vice. Then, at the age of twenty-one, about to become a mother, abandoned by her betrayer, she heard of The Salvation Army Home, and came to us pleading for admission. She was taken in, and she and her babe are now being cared for. Perhaps almost for the first time in her sad life this young woman experiences kindness and Christian treatment.

Should we blame this young woman for her unhappy past—or that adulterous husband who, for anything we know, may even now be regarded as a most respectable member of society?

When The General visited Canada the young woman, at one of The General's meetings, made her way to the Saviour's feet, and, figuratively speaking, washed them with her tears and wiped them with her hair. She is exceedingly grateful to The Salvation Army for what has been done for her.

CHEERED AN OLD SOLDIER.

Salvation Meeting in a Bedroom.

Victorious time are being continued at Galt. Mrs. Ensign McMillan, of Oil City, Pa., who had been on Rescue Work, was home for the week-end, January 9-10. Her speaking and Bible readings were delivered with Holy Ghost power, and will long live in our memories. Tuesday night our Soldiers' meeting was held at the home of Mrs. George Alison, an old Soldier of many years standing, who for a considerable time has been unable to be at the front, and who is now confined to her bed. A real good meeting was held, and our sister enjoyed the good old Army's meeting. Thursday night, in our salvation meeting, one soul, a young man, came to the cross. The following week-end Adjutant and Mrs. Walker continued in blood and fire style, in spite of the zero weather, and the thick snow on the ground. The open-air were largely attended, and, needless to say, the inside meetings were real blessed and powerful times. One young man sought salvation at the close of the day's fighting.—Geo. Smart, Corps Cor.

Sarnia.—On Sunday, January 24th, Staff-Captain Hay and Envoy Murray, of Forest, visited us. Good crowds came to the meetings. The Staff-Captain commissioned the Locals and enrolled some recruits. The night prayer meeting was disturbed by the terrific explosion of an oil tank.

Port Huron Band visited us on Wednesday, with Captain Anach, of the U. S.—M. W.

LEAVES FROM THE T. PLANT.

I have heard of a Welshman who made the remark, "We are here to-day, and gone yesterday, and where we shall be next week, I do not know." He was, evidently, living in a region of uncertainty, and that's just about where we have been for the last two or three weeks. We expect to catch the train going West in the early hours of the morning, and set the "alarum" accordingly. All preparations for rising are made, but on awakening we are informed that they have "phoned" to say we need not be in any desperate hurry, as the train will not be in till 10.20 to-night—if then! She may probably lose a little more time. We get pretty anxious about the waiting audience, and make later inquiry in the hopes that the train may have "made up time," only to be told that they have "lost track" of her, and cannot say definitely when she will "turn up," so we return to the Quarters again and again, in patient hope that the "lost" may eventually be found. We think ourselves fortunate to see a train at all in these days, at least one with a "going" engine attached. We sat in a car two hours last week, waiting for an engine to be "thawed."

The most unfortunate side to it all, as far as we are concerned, is that we have had to disappoint three places in succession.

They say that such weather has not been experienced in the West for the past twenty years—but they say a lot of funny things, and one never knows. However, we are having weather with a vengeance. It is forty-four below this morning, and has been 64. My nose, being the most prominent part of my anatomy, agrees with the majority, that the weather is severe. Glorious! Makes the blood tingle! Puts new life in you, they say. Well, we are enjoying it. If we have not actually expanded in chest and foot measurement, we look as if we had, and that's something—for looks go a long way in these days.

In spite of the extreme weather conditions, we had a good week-end at Prince Albert. In addition to the ordinary meetings, Mrs. Plant, with the Officers, conducted a very helpful jail meeting. A large number of prisoners were present, and a number, including one man, awaiting trial on the capital charge, requested our prayers. At the close of our musical demonstration on Monday, two young men knelt at the Cross and sought pardon. We were very pleased to meet some old warriors here who had fought as good Soldiers for many years.

We should have had another meeting at Regina, but by the time we landed there the clock had struck the midnight hour, and our next train was thirteen hours late. However, Adjutant and Mrs. Cummins were the essence of kindness, and looked after our comfort till we were able to move on.

We were due at Moose Jaw early in the day, but, as usual, did not arrive till past midnight following, and there was again disappointment. However, we were also able to take part in the daily prayer meeting, which has been running since the New Year came in. Our comrades are bent on revival, and are meeting for prayer every day. A good plan. Interest is rising and victory is coming. Adjutant and Mrs. McRae are in charge.

Maple Creek is a pretty and rising town, sixty miles from Medicine Hat. There is no Corps here in the strict sense of the word, but we have a nice band of faithful Salvationists, who are keeping the Flag flying. Although they have no Officers stationed there, it is to their credit that they have been able to carry on meetings and secure a Hall, thus keeping The Army to the front. They have a splendid Junior Work, and things are going ahead. Everybody concerned gave us a warm welcome, and I feel sure that our visit was a source of real inspiration and blessing to these dear comrades. Hard splendid meeting. A good crowd and did opening for a Corps here. They are very anxious to get Officers to lead them on, and they deserve them.—Tom Plant, Major.

Personalities.

His Worship the Mayor of Cobourg, has written to the Commissioner in most generous terms concerning the good work done by the Corps, under the direction of Captain and Mrs. Smith. His Worship's kindly commendation of the local work is heartily appreciated.

Adjutant Allen, of Smith's Falls, who, for some time has been quite run down in health, is going on a furlough. We pray that the restoring hand of God will rest upon the Adjutant and that ere long he will be back at the work he loves so well.

The Commissioner has been pleased to re-accept as Officers of The Salvation Army, ex-Adjutant and Mrs. McDonald, who will be taking an appointment during the present month.

Ensign Ducker, late of the Toronto Women's Hospital, has been appointed in charge of the Daly Avenue Rescue Home, Ottawa.

Mrs. Ensign Ritchie, of London II., has been far from well, of late, but is now improving.

Captain Rees, of the Training College, is suffering from a throat affection, and has gone to Newfoundland for a prolonged rest. Brigadier Taylor will miss her valuable services.

Ensign Gammaidge and Lieutenant Penn, of Chesley, have lately been confined to the quarters through sickness.

The prayers and sympathy of our readers will, we feel sure, go out to these Officers who have been laid low for a time, and especially to Captain Murphy, of Port Hope, who, we regret to say, has contracted small pox. Although the Quarters have been quarantined, Lieutenant Kelcher is carrying forward the work. We express our greatest sympathy with our Port Hope comrades in this time of trouble.

There are rumours of an interesting wedding to take place in the London Division shortly. More anon.

Our sincere sympathies are with Ensign and Mrs. Baird, of Woodstock, Ont., in the recent loss they sustained by the passing away of their darling baby boy.

Captain Traviss, of Paris, is wearing a broad smile these days (so says the correspondent.) The recent arrival of a little baby daughter is the cause.

Captain Palmer, of T. H. Q., has met with success in the introduction of a weekly gymnasium class for the Young People at Riverdale. The Y. P. L. Secretary, Captain Walling, is, of course, more than pleased.

We regret to say Captain Manson, of Minnesota, U. S. A., has been stricken down with fever while on a visit to her mother at Neepawa, Man.

Of the recent cases dealt with by the Prison Gate Department, a number of men are shortly to be enrolled as Salvation Soldiers in Toronto—the result of patient, persistent following up by our Officers.

The Bible as a Weapon.

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

IN one way, the Bible is like our daily bread. Before we can get any good from food, we must eat it ourselves. Seeing it, or hearing or reading what others say about it, or believing that it would be of great value to us, would all be quite useless to satisfy our hunger, or to maintain our strength. To do this we must eat it.

And so it is with the Word of God. There must be a real personal and constant taking it into our own minds and hearts, and applying it to our own needs and cares, and sorrows and sins, if it is to do us abiding good. To do this, we shall, of course, have to search for what we need.

I know that some of our people are often puzzled by parts of the Bible. But that need not surprise anyone. God is so Great, so Holy, so Wise, He can see so far ahead, that it is not at all surprising to find that He has written in His Book many things which poor little man cannot comprehend. In fact, I have no doubt that He intended this very thing; that He wrote some things which should be understood in one age, and others which should only be understood in another, and that he wrote some things for some men, and some only for others.

Inspiration for the Reader.

But if you will read and think plenty, you will always find something you can understand, and that you can use. Just as God gave the inspiration needed to those who wrote the Bible, so He will give the inspiration they need to those who read it. You remember Job's words, "There is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." He will teach you. He will throw a light upon what at first seems quite mysterious. He wrote this Holy Book, and He knows what He meant it to say to you. He will guide you into all truth.

In reading the Bible always bear in mind that it is like a history of men's lives written beforehand. When they really see what it says they will be compelled to admit that it is speaking of them and speaking to them. It is like a mirror which men come upon unexpectedly, and lo and behold, they see themselves in it! I have so often been impressed with this myself that I frequently have a feeling when reading, as though I had read this or that passage in some other world! It is so like me, so near to my inmost thoughts, so exactly a portrait of what I am wishing or feeling.

And it is just so with others. I have had frequent examples of it brought to my own notice. Often when all other words have completely failed to awaken a dull conscience, or to soften a stony heart, or to give hope to one in despair, some straight word out of the Book has succeeded, and that even when the poor soul concerned has known nothing about

the Bible at all.

So I say: Have confidence in the old Book—in the old sword—there is no weapon like it for revealing the truth in human nature and for doing execution among the Lord's enemies. **Encouragement to Faith.**

Let me give you the following verses on Faith in God in connection with trial and sorrow. There are few subjects of more common interest than this. All our people have trials of one kind or another, and if these trials are to be a blessing to them, and not a curse, they must be received and endured in submission and faith. I give with each verse its own reference. Though taken from different parts of the Bible, they all breathe the same spirit:—

Many are the afflictions of the righteous:

But the Lord delivereth him out of them all. (Psalm xxxiv. 19.)

The Lord gave, And the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. (Job i. 21.)

What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God,

And shall we not receive evil? (Job ii. 10.)

Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you:

But rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy.

But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil-doer, or as a busy-body in other men's matters.

Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf (1 Peter iv. 12-16.)

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment,

Worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; While we look not at the things which are seen:

For the things which are seen are temporal;

But the things which are not seen are eternal. (2 Cor. iv. 17, 18.)

For none of us liveth to himself. And no man dieth to himself.

For whether we live, we live unto the Lord;

And whether we die, we die unto the Lord:

Whether we live, therefore, or die, We are the Lord's. (Romans xiv. 7, 8.)

No subject is more welcome to Salvationists than the "Precious Blood;" and yet I fear that many

lose not a little because they are not able to trace the gracious promises which God has given us about it. In one sense, the Bible is the Book of Blood. Every chapter has in it some allusion to this, the great central doctrine of The Army—the Cleansing Blood. But there are, nevertheless, some wonderful passages which are more definite and more beautiful than the rest. I set forth a few of them below:—

If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.

And the blood of Jesus Christ His

(Continued on page 11.)

Lieutenant Mills, of the Toronto Rescue Home, has been promoted to Captain.

Lieutenant Clark, late of Carleton, N. B., has been transferred to the Quebec Metropole, and Lieutenant Peterson, from St. John, N. B., to the Montreal Metropole.

Ensign Burry, of Montreal, is, we are sorry to say, suffering from an attack of scarlet fever, and now lies in the Montreal Hospital. Mrs. Burry is bearing up cheerfully.

Lieut. Martin, of the Hamilton Rescue Home, has been appointed to assist in the Winnipeg Hospital.

BRIGADIER ROBERTS AT HALIFAX

Soul-Saving Victories—Conversion—Some Touching Personal Form Scenes.

The six-day campaign of Brigadier Roberts at Halifax was a soul-saving time to all who attended meetings. The Officers and Soldiers were greatly encouraged to be faithful and earnest, and some victories were won as regards conversion of souls.

On Sunday night one young man, the subject of many prayers, deeply convicted, and left the meeting, but he could not go far, and soon returned and knelt at the altar. A dear sister related how for years she had been fighting with God and would not yield, but she touched her child, and she then realised Him that in the first meeting she attended she would render to Him.

A sweet child of twelve years she wanted to be a Christian, but her mother said, "No, not to-night." The little one would not be deterred, and she walked to the mercy seat, and led her mother to it. It was a smiling pair that and testified to what God had done for them.

On Monday two more souls were added to the Kingdom of Christ, and on Tuesday a fallen sister returned to the fold. The new converts came to the meetings during the week, and bore a full testimony to the power of the Gospel to save and keep from sin.

One convert had not told his friends of his conversion, but she found out by the difference in his life. A dear brother who sought the Lord on Monday night said it had been a fierce struggle, but God's grace had been sufficient, and the crown of life was his. Our hearts were witness to a sister who returned to the fold on Wednesday night, led another sinner to the mercy seat.

The Brigadier visited No. 11 on Thursday night, and gave a lecture entitled "Successful Battles."

The final night of the campaign was devoted to a lecture on "The Prison Cell." Dr. Hunt, a chairman, and spoke warmly of the Army. On the whole, the campaign was helpful and inspiring, and in the surrender of ten souls, stirring of God's people.

THE TORONTO PRISON

It was a real pleasure to have us at our services yesterday (the Field Secretary, Lieut. Gaskin. His addresses were helpful and convincing. At the Central Prison, three hundred men sat with eyes and ears—many of them with hearts—open to truth. The meeting at the was of a mellow character, the women were in tears.

The Sisters Jones assisted in singing and music.

Thirty, in all, expressed a willingness to accept Christ.—J. S.

Selkirk.—Captain Williams, B. M. agent, gave us a visit on Wednesday, January 21st the meeting, and on Thursday 22nd gave a stereopticon vice, entitled "Paying the Price." Everybody present enjoyed it. Selkirk Soldiers and will be pleased to see them again soon.—Captain Flester

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert St., Toronto.

All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications referring to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All matters referring to subscriptions, despatch and change of address, to the Trade Secretary. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Appointments—

BRIGADIER COLLIER to be Provincial Secretary—Eastern Province.

MAJOR PHILLIPS to be Assistant Secretary, Special Efforts and Social Department.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ARNOLD to be Chancellor North-West Province.

Promotions—

Captain Theste Henderson, to be Ensign.

Captain Sidney Duncan, to be Ensign.

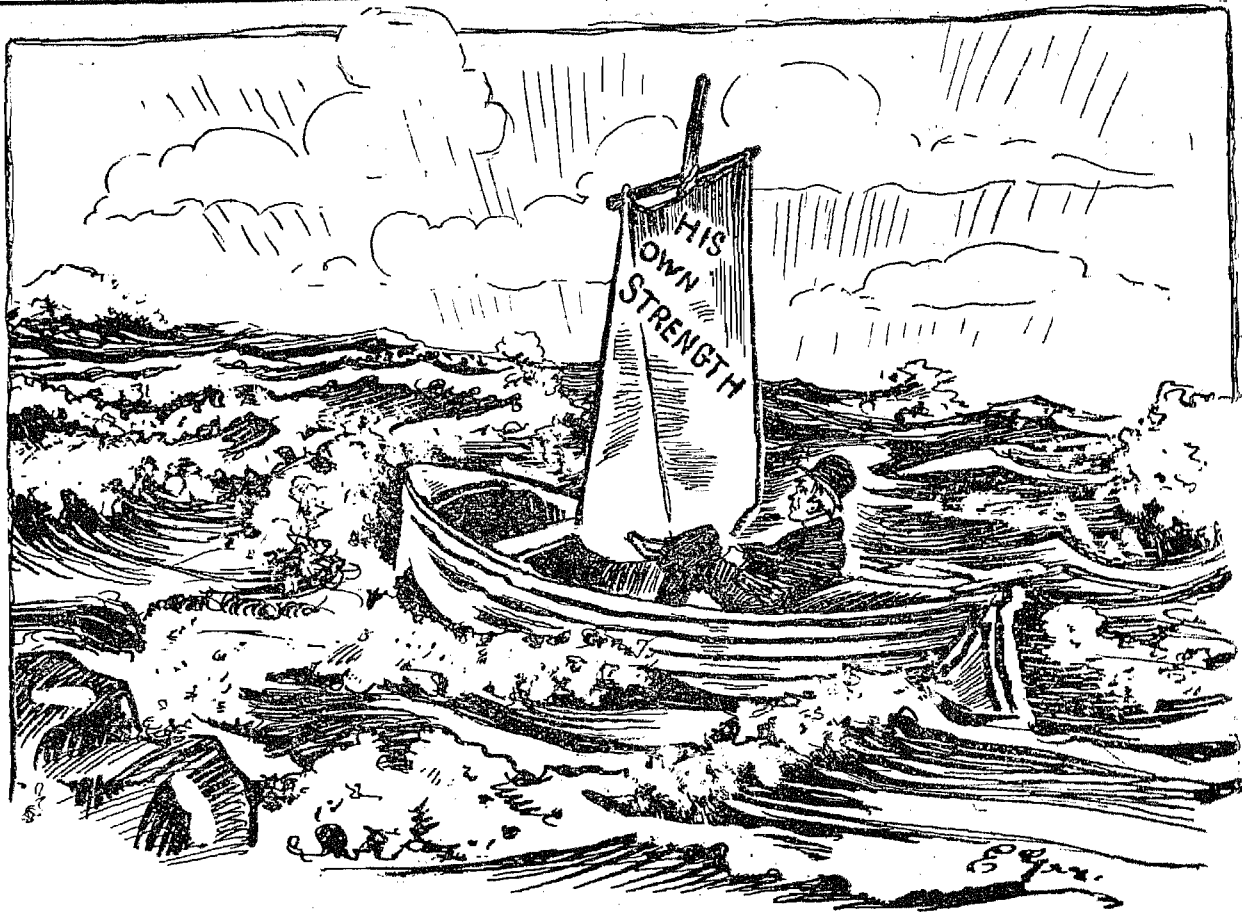
THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

THE GENERAL.

Elsewhere will be found an account of The General's health, by which it will be seen that our beloved Leader is once again on the war path, engaged in that work which lies so near to his heart. Praise God. It is a matter for profound gratitude that the operation has proved so successful, for it was not only serious but painful, as it was a lenticular cataract of the right eye. Happily the use of the natural lens of the eye doesn't mean the loss of sight, but only of focussing power. This can be made good by the use of suitable glasses. These artificial lenses more or less supply the place of the natural one, which has been removed. It will thus be seen that The General's speedy recovery is a matter for deep praise and thankfulness. We earnestly commend our dearly beloved Leader to the prayers of God's people everywhere. Pray that he may long be spared to inspire God's workers by his holy example and unwearied devotion to the work of extending God's Kingdom.

NEW OFFICERS.

By the time this issue is in the hands of the bulk of our readers, the Cadets now in the Training College will be leaving that place of hallowed memory, and taking their place in the fighting line in the Field Corps. They will meet with their trials and discouragements in common with God's warriors in every age and in every society, thus they will be fit subjects for the prayers of God's people, and especially those into whose Corps the new Officers may come. Their Training Home experience will have given them considerable fitness in many ways for the new positions they will occupy, but in others they will be inexperienced and untried, therefore, pray that grace may be given unto them both to endure and to strive. We also ask that our Soldier comrades will rally well to their side and comfort them by their presence and Soldierly qualities. There is also another class to whom we should like to say a word. In the course of a few days, other comrades will have left their Corps and come to the College. We ask those left in the Corps to come forward and help to fill the places made vacant by the comrades who have left all to follow the Lamb.



The Rapids of Besetting Sins.

The Man Who Endeavours to Stem the Tide of His Besetments in His Own Strength, is Likely to Make Good Progress Backwards—Get the Power of God to Help You.

"IS THERE A HELL?"

Brigadier Taylor Says "Yes!" and Preaches on the Above Subject at Massey Hall—The Lippincott Band, the Temple Songsters and the Cadets Take Part in the Service.

IN spite of the extremely cold weather, a fairly good congregation assembled in the Massey Hall on Sunday night, January 31st, to hear the Principal of the Training College speak on "Is There a Hell?" Previous to the commencement of the meeting proper, Staff-Captain Easton gave a short organ recital, the Lippincott Band played a selection, and the Temple Songsters sang. Then the whole congregation joined in singing that old and well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages," after which Mrs. Brigadier Taylor prayed for the blessing of God on the meeting, especially pleading for any unconverted souls who might be present. The Lord's prayer was then repeated by all the people, for Brigadier Taylor is a firm believer in congregational praying as well as congregational singing. A Scripture reading by Captain Nellie Coombs, followed. She had chosen the 103rd Psalm, and very attentively the audience listened to the grand old words that have brought hope to millions in the past, and will yet cheer and enlighten the generations to come. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all diseases." What better message could come to man than that?

Major Cameron then gave a stirring address, in which she likened many of the Torontonians to the inhabitants of the ancient City of Laish, in that they did not heed God's warnings, but dwelt at ease in a fool's paradise, all unconcerned about the wrath to come.

The extraordinary text she chose will be found in Judges xviii, 7.

A song by all the Cadets followed, Cadet-Sergeant Neff accompanying on the piano, and then the splendid Lippincott Band played "Echoes From Calvary." A special request being made for Adjutant Sheard to sing "Tell me the old, old story," he came forward and sang the desired piece in his usual effective manner.

Brigadier Taylor then rose to deliver his address on "Is There a Hell?" "This question," he said, raises several others, namely, "Is there punishment for sin?" "Is there a law?" "Is there a Law Giver?" So you see that to doubt the existence of a hell, leads us to doubt the very existence of a God, which lands us into atheism." He then went on to prove that from the laws of Nature, from instinct, and from the teaching of reason, we must conclude that there is a Hell, and that a course of wrong doing must end in bitterness of soul. The sins of unrighteous avarice, unbridled sensuality, and unscrupulous ambition were particularly dealt with, and it was plainly shown that though they brought pleasure in the beginning, yet such pleasures turned to pain in the end. To illustrate his statement, he referred to the case of Judas Iscariot. The thirty pieces of silver brought a sense of delight to his covetous soul at first, but when he realised that it was the price of innocent blood, it scorched him, and he flung it down before the High Priest in loathing.

The prayer meeting was conducted by Ensign Bristow, and nine souls came to the mercy seat. One man

had been a slave to drink. In the morning he had been aimlessly wandering about the streets, when a party of Cadets passed him. "You're just the man we want," shouted out one. The words took hold of him, and he began to wonder if there really was any hope for him. He attended the meetings at the Temple, and got deeply convicted of sin. That night he knelt at the Saviour's feet and pleaded for pardon and deliverance, and arose with a new purpose in his heart. Henceforth he is going to serve God.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN ON THE WAR-PATH.

Great Times at Vancouver and Elsewhere.

Vancouver, B.C., Feb. 1, 1909.

Commissioner Cadman has had a triumphant entry into the hearts of the people on the Pacific Coast. At Vernon there was a public reception, followed by a large gathering in the Methodist Church. At New Westminster and Vancouver there were crowded meetings at the Citadel, and at the City Hall on Sunday there were seventy-nine souls. Cyclones of blessing and joy. The Commissioner is a marvel of physical endurance. Prospects for the future excellent.—Major F. Morris.

At Portage la Prairie the Commissioner had a hearty reception, and his life story thrilled the large audience. The same may be said of Brandon, Moosejaw and Calgary.

Paris.—Saturday, January 25th, the meeting was well attended. At the close of the evening's programme three Juniors were enrolled under the Flag, two of them being transferred. Two souls came forward and gave themselves to God.

The Open-air on Sunday morning was held at Paris Junction. Quite a crowd came to see and hear us.—M. W.

Headquarters Notes The Chief and Field Secretaries Visit London.

Provincial Inspection, Heart Talk Over Cup of Tea, and Lectures in Between.

The Commissioner has returned from a flying trip which, as the press telegram in our last issue suggested, was a very successful one. Lectures to Cadets at the Training College, property schemes and proposals, etc., to say nothing of the tall order from the Editor for a page article for the Easter Cry, are amongst the multitudinous matters he has had to deal with on his return, but amidst it all he manages to keep in good going condition, which we regret to state is more than can be said of Captain Daisy Coombs, of the Correspondence Department, who is so much under the weather as to be absent from Headquarters.

The inspection of the West Ontario Province by the Chief and Field Secretaries, has revealed a healthy state of affairs, and substantial progress. We compliment the P. O. and all concerned on this. The Corps also visited by the Chief Secretary, revealed a good condition of health. Lieut.-Colonel Sharp was at Headquarters this week on matters connected with the coming great farewell.

In a few days' time Commissioner Cadman will be in our midst at Toronto. We are very glad to have had him in the Territory. Wherever he has been, his presence has been made an inspiration, and his labours have been of great service. May God continue to bless him, and also dear Mrs. Cadman, who has so cheerfully surrendered her husband to the claims of the War. God bless the wives at home!

That is a sentiment which we may very well express concerning the wives of the Field Staff Officers who are usually so much away from home. The Provincial and Divisional Officers, night after night, and Sunday after Sunday, are absent from their wives and families, sometimes—in this land of magnificent distances—for weeks together. Let us remember the wives at home with the children, and bear them up in the arms of faith and prayer.

Staff-Captain Arnold the erstwhile Secretary of the Territorial Staff Band, having gone to Winnipeg, Staff-Captain Attwell has been elevated to that lofty position. Fire a volley for the Staff Band!

This reminds us that our premier musical organisation is to have a serious rival. A Boys' Brass Band is to be formed in connection with the Headquarters. It will contain twenty-five players, all in knee pants and special uniform. The instruments have been ordered. Major Wilfrid Creighton has met the members and explained the whole working to them.

Major Miller has returned from New York, having visited that city for the purpose of making a study of the buildings which our friends across the border have erected for the purpose of carrying on Men's Social work. He has been well pleased with what he has seen, and has picked up quite a store of valuable information to be utilised in connection with the same work in Canada. He speaks most highly of the

LONDON has been favoured with a visit from the Chief Secretary, Colonel Mapp, who has been doing the Annual Provincial Inspection, accompanied by the genial Field Secretary, Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin. We had looked for great things, and were not disappointed in the least, for while it was strenuous work for the visitors, yet it was very pleasant all through, because of the variety.

Arriving on the Tuesday forenoon, after dinner the inspection was begun, and this was kept up till 5 o'clock, when an adjournment was made to the Junior Hall, where an appetising spread had been laid by the League of Mercy Sisters. To this was done ample justice, and, after introductions were given, we had a ten minute address from the Field Secretary on "Personal Religion." This was enjoyed. The Chief Secretary then addressed the twenty Officers who were present. He spoke of the great pleasure it gave him in being with them that night, and gave an address on the "Secret of the success of The Salvation Army," and spoke of the things that tell in the making of The Army and the individual.

A splendid crowd assembled in the Citadel at night, when the Chief Secretary gave his lecture on India. This was quite an educational treat, dealing as it did with India as a whole. The Colonel showed his familiarity with the subject in hand, in many ways. The Bheels, Marathis, Mohammedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Punjabis, Tamils, etc., were all described, as well as their religious beliefs and customs, and how they had been approached with the Gospel—some through the children, and Day Schools, and others through the ability of our Officers and Doctors to help them in their direst distress, when their own delusions and enchantments had utterly failed to bring relief. The Emery Hospital was amongst other moving pictures, thrown upon the screen. This showed the throngs of people making their way to the Hospital for treatment by Dr. Turner and his aides. It was a great sight.

The lecture throughout was of a very broad and comprehensive nature—much more so than one usually gets in a lecture on India—as the lecturer, instead of being confined to one part

spiritual and permanent character of the work carried on in these institutions.

Brigadier Adby has left for the North-West. God bless him. He will be absent from home for four months. Let us remember Mrs. Adby in our prayers.

Major Creighton is gone on his first Young People's tour. We wish him and the J. S. Work God's richest blessing.

Brigadier Collier has had a very warm welcome in the East, and his first news letter in his capacity of Provincial Secretary, has come to

of the country, displayed an amazing grasp of detail and knowledge of a practical nature, which showed him to be a man who knew his subject from A to Z. India, to him, is known from end to end.

His description of the peoples, territories, customs, and religions, was very fresh and instructive. He showed how their regeneration began with the individual, spreading to the community, till, when all had got converted and were willing, then their gods were destroyed, temples torn down, and in their place a Hall and School were erected, and happiness reigned in the place of superstition and fear.

Till the lecture was over at half-past ten, scarcely one moved from his place, all thoroughly enjoying the lecture and illustrations, all of which were vividly described by the lecturer.

This was repeated at St. Thomas on the Wednesday in the Church of Christ, which had been kindly placed at the disposal of The Army for the occasion. A large and interested crowd was in attendance, and all seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Adjutant Byers and his Soldiers were delighted with the visit of the Chief Secretary, and are looking forward to the week-end which the Colonel promised them at an early date, when they expect to get better acquainted. Mrs. Mapp is also expected at that time to accompany the Chief Secretary. We promise them a good time at St. Thomas.

London is also looking forward with great expectation to the return of the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp for a week-end.

The Divisional Officers of the Province were also at London during the inspection, and what with interviewing them on properties, Corps work and Officers, etc., and examining the work of their Divisions, together with the meetings, the Colonel and Field Secretary worked at high pressure, yet they stated that they thoroughly enjoyed their stay and work while in London.

On Wednesday night, while the Chief Secretary was at St. Thomas, the Field Secretary was at London South, where he entertained his hearers with "Leaves From My Diary." A hearty welcome awaits him on his return visit, which it is hoped shall not be of too long an interval.—Staff-Captain Crichton.

hand. It contains good news concerning the War.

We regret to say that Mrs. Brigadier Pickering is very far from being well. Comrades remember her in your prayers.

Staff-Captain White, at Quebec, and Captain Walker, at London, are doing their best in connection with the special financial work in which they are engaged in these cities, and are meeting with good success.

Reports are to hand concerning Major Taylor's early success as head of our splendid Metropole in Montreal. The Major is, as usual, putting his best into his new appointment.

THE GENERAL'S HEALTH.

Progress Well Maintained and Important Engagements Fixed.

The General continues to make good progress. He is now taking exercise daily, and gradually resuming a more active participation in the work which occupies all his thoughts.

The progress of the eye is also good, and The General has already commenced to use it in some degree both for reading and writing.

He is sleeping better, although there is still further improvement needed in this particular.

Public engagements are fixed as follows: Congress Hall, Clapton, Sunday, January 31st; Liverpool, February 6th and 7th; and Birkenhead, February 8th. It is expected that The General will leave for Scandinavia about February 23rd.

The General continues to receive, from many parts of the world, tokens of interest and affection, which touch him deeply. As it is impossible to reply to many of them, he hopes that friends and comrades will accept this acknowledgment.

Col. and Mrs. Mapp AT RIVERDALE.

Some New Soldiers Introduced—Four Souls at the Mercy Seat.

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Mapp, assisted by several Staff Officers, conducted the meetings at Riverdale on Sunday, January 31st, and had a very nice time. In the morning meeting, Staff-Captain Manton gave a stirring testimony, and Mrs. Mapp read the Scriptures.

The Colonel delivered an address on "Revivals," and called on all present to pledge themselves to a more devoted service than ever in the cause of Jesus Christ. In the afternoon, Major and Mrs. Phillips were introduced. They are to be Soldiers of the Corps, and they each spoke a few words, expressing their determination to live for Christ, and do all the service they could for those among whom they had come to reside. A song from Staff-Captain Manton was much enjoyed.

The Colonel then read the 23rd Psalm, commenting on it verse by verse. An address by Mrs. Mapp followed.

A good crowd assembled at night, though it was very cold, and a good time was experienced. Mrs. Mapp read a portion of the Gospel and made many striking comments on the miracles of Christ. The Colonel Spoke in his usual interesting manner, and in the prayer meeting four souls knelt at the mercy seat.

The latest despatch from Brigadier Burditt, of the North-West Province, shows that things are booming ahead. He has just visited, in company with Commissioner Cadman, Portage, Brandon, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Regina and Calgary.

Farmer's Arm.—On Sunday night, January 10th, four souls sought the Lord, and four more came forward during the week. Our Officers are working for a revival, and God is blessing their efforts.—A. Roberts.

The Week-End's Despatches.

In Thaw or Snow the Chariot Rolls Along

Holy Fire Will Melt the Most Frigid Corps—Have a Red-Hot Stove and a Red-Hot Soul.

THERE IS SOME SPLENDID READING IN THESE REPORTS.

REGINA GREETES NEW CAPTAIN.

Lieut.-Colonel Howell Pops In.
Congratulations to the new Captain! We are all pleased at Regina at the promotion of Lieutenant Boorman, who has well deserved the rise in rank, and we trust that God may make her a still greater blessing in the future than He has made her in the past. But there is no rose without a thorn, they say, and the promotion found the Captain in bed and being attended to by the doctor. We have been honoured with a visit from Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Howell, who gave us a meeting, which was well attended. We were all glad to see the Colonel, who is no stranger to Regina, although this is the first time he has conducted a meeting here. Any more extra specials coming?—E. B.

THE FIRE BRINGS VICTORIES.

Converts Are Standing Firm.
Hamilton I.—We can report further victories here. The revival fire is burning in our Corps. On Sunday night we rejoiced over four souls seeking salvation from sin, one being a man (a backslider for over 25 years) who has been under conviction for a long time, and for whom we have been praying ever since Colonel Brengle's meetings. The Soldiers' meeting on Tuesday night was one of the best for years. All our recent converts are turning up to the meetings and testifying of their new found joy.—S. M.

THIRTEEN AT THE MERCY SEAT.

A Last Chance Grasped in Time.
St. Stephen, N. B.—We are still pushing the war in St. Stephen, under the leadership of Captain Taylor and Lieutenant Steinburg. Thirteen souls recently came to the mercy seat for pardon. We have Soldiers here who know how to fight and pray. We had Captain Backus with us recently. His illustrated service was a blessing to saint and sinner. On Sunday night one soul came to Jesus. "It was my last chance, I believe," she said afterwards.—W. G. S. D. D.

Little Bay Island. The Soldiers and friends are very busy at the present time repairing the Barracks and making it warmer. The comrades are hard at work all day and also at night, and in a week or two we are believing to have the work finished.

We have just welcomed Lieutenant McGunn, and in a few days will be opening Day School.—One Interested.

On Sunday, January 17th, an enrollment was conducted at Botwoods-ville, and we expect another shortly. Captain and Mrs. G. are working very hard for the salvation of the people here.—Mrs.

LIEUT.-COLONEL REES AT SCILLY COVE.

Two Officers United in the War.
It has been the delight of the Scilly Cove Corps to have a visit from the Provincial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Rees. While here, he united in bonds of holy matrimony, Captain Woolfrey and Captain Pelley, who were supported by Adjutant Moulton and Captain Blackmore. At the close of the meeting, which was, of course an attractive one, the Officers and friends proceeded to the School room to partake of a nice supper, which was provided for the occasion. On the whole, it was a delightful evening to all concerned, and we wish Captain and Mrs. Woolfrey a long and happy warfare in The S. A.—Correspondent.

CAPTAIN BUNTON AT GUELPH.

Ten Souls For Salvation—An Enrollment.

Guelph.—Captain Bunton conducted a series of special meetings here, which were undoubtedly very successful. The Captain, who was far from well, having a severe cold and being otherwise unwell, was really physically unfit for the meetings, but not so in spirit, for in his usual characteristic forcefulness, he bravely wielded the sword, driving home the truth, resulting in four souls for sanctification and ten for salvation.

On Sunday afternoon eleven comrades having proved themselves, were enrolled as Soldiers.

Monday night's lantern service, entitled, "Saved by His Bible," was a real treat. A good crowd attended, and very much enjoyed the excellent service.—James Ryder.

A HARD QUESTION.

Sunday, the 31st January, was a great soul-saving day for Wingham. Although the weather was too cold to have our horns out, we did our best to try to chase the devil out of town with drums. At the evening meeting Lieutenant R. T. Miller gave a most interesting address on "Who is the Devil?" God wonderfully blessed his efforts, for many were under deep conviction. Three sought and found the Saviour. One of these went home but was forced to return.

We are praying and believing for greater things yet to come.—C. C. A.

Major and Mrs. Plant visited Fernie on January 26th and 27th. Both evenings the Citadel was well filled, and everyone thoroughly appreciated their beautiful music. We all say, "Come again Major."

We had the joy of seeing several seek God of late, and are believing for others.

Captain Davidson, who has been quite ill, is again at the front and full of faith and fire.—One interested.

MARKED PROGRESS.

Point St. Charles is Very Active.

Since the opening of our new Citadel at Point St. Charles, Montreal, we have seen very much of the power of God made manifest in the salvation and sanctification of precious souls. During week-night meetings, as well as at week-ends, sinners are getting saved. On Saturday we had one soul (a backslider) at the cross. Sunday's labours were rewarded with five more men and women surrendering themselves to Jesus. On Thursday, January 21st we had an enrollment of recruits, when nine comrades took their stand as Soldiers in this Army of Salvation, and others are getting ready to be sworn-in also.

Our Officers, Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey, have got things well in hand and in every branch of the Corps we are making progress. Brigadier Roberts, who will be with us soon, can depend on the co-operation of every comrade to help him in making his campaign a soul-saving one. We are praying for this.

Major Miller and Staff-Captain and Mrs. White were with us recently. Some recruits were enrolled during the meeting. Since Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey have taken charge, ten have taken their stand under The Army Flag.—P. S. M. Wm. Shummers.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LOST.

But Had the Hat-Band and Shield.

God is still working at East Toronto. Sunday, January 24th was the farewell meeting of our comrade, Brother Phipps, who goes to the U. S. A. He will be very much missed, for he was a Soldier every inch. God's presence was very much felt as we listened to our comrade's farewell words in the Sunday night meeting. During this, and the reading of God's Word, tears were seen streaming down a dear man's face, who, before the meeting closed, came and gave his heart to God, and whom we afterwards found to be the husband of one of our recent converts.

During our Officer's visit to this comrade's home, he had confessed to being a backslider of over twenty-five years, but still having in his possession The Army hat-band and shield, which he and his wife promise to wear once again.—V.F.

ORILLIA BAND GOES VISITING.

Major McLean and the Orillia Band were at Gravenhurst for the week-end, January 30-31. Everything from beginning to end was a success, over seven hundred people attending the meetings. Finances were extremely high, and best of all, two souls came to Christ.

The Mayor, who presided at the Sunday afternoon music and praise service, extended to the Band, on behalf of the citizens of the town, a very hearty welcome to return again in the near future.—Captain B. Bourn.

A most successful bean social was held at Winnipeg H., and everyone heartily enjoyed themselves. The Local Officers were also commissioned by Ensign Weir. Souls are being saved here and our crowds are increasing every week.

VOLUNTEERS FOR SALVATION.

G. B. M. Man at Galt.

Galt.—The week-end meetings were conducted by the G. B. M. man, Captain Bunton, assisted by Brother Eldric, of Guelph. The meetings throughout were largely attended.

On Sunday night forty-two comrades were in the open-air. The Salvation meeting inside was a decided success. The Captain's speaking attracted the attention of all present and two young men volunteered to the mercy seat for salvation, after which another young man sitting at the back of the Hall, was led to the penitent form.

On Monday night the Captain gave his interesting Hmelight service entitled "Saved by his Bible." Our Hall was packed, and seats were placed in the aisles. Everyone was more than delighted with the interesting service, while the Captain was successful in getting some new G. B. M. boxes out after the service.—Geo. Smart.

A REPORT IN RHYME.

From a Budding North-West Poet.

Prince Albert Corps is very bright—
we're not asleep, you see.
Right in the fight 'gainst sin and
wrong, for aye we mean to be;
In frost and snow we constant go, and
nightly take our stand,
Not fearing what the world may think
—we know it's God's command.
Corps comrades brave, who seek to
save, the wanderers far from
God,
Entreating all, we tell them still,
there's pardon through the
blood.

And Ensign Howcroft leads us on
with true and earnest zeal,
Loyal and true she fears no foe,
but seeks her Lord to please.
But by her side is Captain Griffith,
though small, no cross does
shirk,
Enlisted for life 'gainst sin and strife,
she gladly does her work;
Right leaders we feel sure they are,
the Soldiers they all help.
To share the cross and make our
Corps, one God can own and
bless.

—One of the Number.

A WEDDING IN THE NORTH.

New Liskeard.—Backsliders are returning to God and souls are being saved. A wedding took place here recently. Major D. Creighton performed the ceremony in the absence of Major McLean, our D. O. The Halleybury, Engleheart and Cobalt Officers were present, also Captain During. A supper was afterwards held, to which about forty-five persons sat down.

Sergeant-Major Darby is away at present. We miss his loud voice, which he is not ashamed to sound anywhere.

Portage la Prairie.—On Sunday, January 17th, our Officers, Ensign Colbert and Captain Watson conducted the meetings all day. God is blessing their efforts. Two precious souls volunteered to follow Jesus. They are taking their stand inside and out in the open-air.

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We had Captain Backus with us recently. His illustrated service was a blessing to saint and sinner. On Sunday night one soul came to Jesus. "It was my last chance, I believe," she said afterwards.—W. G. S. D. D.

Little Bay Island. The Soldiers and friends are very busy at the present time repairing the Barracks and making it warmer. The comrades are hard at work all day and also at night, and in a week or two we are believing to have the work finished.

We have just welcomed Lieutenant McGunn, and in a few days will be opening Day School.—One Interested.

On Sunday, January 17th, an enrollment was conducted at Botwoodsville, and we expect another shortly. Captain and Mrs. Oake are working very hard for the salvation of the people here.—Mrs. F. S.

LIEUT.-COLONEL REES AT SCILLY COVE.

Two Officers United in the War.

It has been the delight of the Scilly Cove Corps to have a visit from the Provincial Commander, Lieut.-Colonel Rees. While here, he united in bonds of holy matrimony, Captain Woolfrey and Captain Pelley, who were supported by Adjutant Moulton and Captain Blackmore. At the close of the meeting, which was, of course an attractive one, the Officers and friends proceeded to the School room to partake of a nice supper, which was provided for the occasion. On the whole, it was a delightful evening to all concerned, and we wish Captain and Mrs. Woolfrey a long and happy warfare in The S. A.—Correspondent.

CAPTAIN BUNTON AT GUELPH.

Ten Souls For Salvation—An Enrollment.

Guelph.—Captain Bunton conducted a series of special meetings here, which were undoubtedly very successful. The Captain, who was far from well, having a severe cold and being otherwise unwell, was really physically unfit for the meetings, but not so in spirit, for in his usual characteristic forcefulness, he bravely wielded the sword, driving home the truth, resulting in four souls for sanctification and ten for salvation.

On Sunday afternoon eleven comrades having proved themselves, were enrolled as Soldiers.

Monday night's lantern service, entitled, "Saved by His Bible," was a real treat. A good crowd attended, and very much enjoyed the excellent service.—James Ryder.

A HARD QUESTION.

Sunday, the 31st January, was a great soul-saving day for Wingham. Although the weather was too cold to have our horns out, we did our best to try to chase the devil out of town with drums. At the evening meeting Lieutenant R. T. Miller gave a most interesting address on "Who is the Devil?" God wonderfully blessed his efforts, for many were under deep conviction. Three sought and found the Saviour. One of these went home but was forced to return.

We are praying and believing for greater things yet to come.—C. C. A.

Major and Mrs. Plant visited Fernie on January 26th and 27th. Both evenings the Citadel was well filled, and everyone thoroughly appreciated their beautiful music. We all say, "Come again Major."

We had the joy of seeing several seek God of late, and are believing for others.

Captain Davidson, who has been quite ill, is again at the front and full of faith and fire.—One interested.

MARKED PROGRESS.

Point St. Charles is Very Active.

Since the opening of our new Citadel at Point St. Charles, Montreal, we have seen very much of the power of God made manifest in the salvation and sanctification of precious souls. During week-night meetings, as well as at week-ends, sinners are getting saved. On Saturday we had one soul (a backslider) at the cross. Sunday's labours were rewarded with five more men and women surrendering themselves to Jesus. On Thursday, January 21st we had an enrollment of recruits, when nine comrades took their stand as Soldiers in this Army of Salvation, and others are getting ready to be sworn-in also.

Our Officers, Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey, have got things well in hand and in every branch of the Corps we are making progress. Brigadier Roberts, who will be with us soon, can depend on the co-operation of every comrade to help him in making his campaign a soul-saving one. We are praying for this.

Major Miller and Staff-Captain and Mrs. White were with us recently. Some recruits were enrolled during the meeting. Since Staff-Captain Goodwin and Captain Maisey have taken charge, ten have taken their stand under The Army Flag.—P. S. M. Wm. Simmers.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LOST.

But Had the Hat-Band and Shield.

God is still working at East Toronto. Sunday, January 24th was the farewell meeting of our comrade, Brother Phipps, who goes to the U. S. A. He will be very much missed, for he was a Soldier every inch. God's presence was very much felt as we listened to our comrade's farewell words in the Sunday night meeting. During this, and the reading of God's Word, tears were seen streaming down a dear man's face, who, before the meeting closed, came and gave his heart to God, and whom we afterwards found to be the husband of one of our recent converts.

During our Officer's visit to this comrade's home, he had confessed to being a backslider of over twenty-five years, but still having in his possession The Army hat-band and shield, which he and his wife promise to wear once again.—V. F.

ORILLIA BAND GOES VISITING.

Major McLean and the Orillia Band were at Gravenhurst for the week-end, January 30-31. Everything from beginning to end was a success, over seven hundred people attending the meetings. Finances were extremely high, and best of all, two souls came to Christ.

The Mayor, who presided at the Sunday afternoon music and praise service, extended to the Band, on behalf of the citizens of the town, a very hearty welcome to return again in the near future.—Captain B. Bourn.

A most successful bean social was held at Winnipeg II., and everyone heartily enjoyed themselves. The Local Officers were also commissioned by Ensign Weir. Souls are being saved here and our crowds are increasing every week.

VOLUNTEERS FOR SALVATION.

G. B. M. Man at Galt.

Galt.—The week-end meetings were conducted by the G. B. M. man, Captain Bunton, assisted by Brother Eldric, of Guelph. The meetings throughout were largely attended.

On Sunday night forty-two comrades were in the open-air. The Salvation meeting inside was a decided success. The Captain's speaking attracted the attention of all present and two young men volunteered to the mercy seat for salvation, after which another young man sitting at the back of the Hall, was led to the penitent form.

On Monday night the Captain gave his interesting limelight service entitled "Saved by his Bible." Our Hall was packed, and seats were placed in the aisles. Everyone was more than delighted with the interesting service, while the Captain was successful in getting some new G. B. M. boxes out after the service.—Geo. Smart.

A REPORT IN RHYME.

From a Budding North-West Poet.

Prince Albert Corps is very bright—
we're not asleep, you see.
Right in the fight 'gainst sin and
wrong, for aye we mean to be:
In frost and snow we constant go, and
nightly take our stand,
Not fearing what the world may think
—we know it's God's command.
Corps comrades brave, who seek to
save, the wanderers far from
God,
Entreating all, we tell them still,
there's pardon through the
blood.

And Ensign Howeroft leads us on
with true and earnest zeal,
Loyal and true she fears no foe,
but seeks her Lord to please.
But by her side is Captain Griffith,
though small, no cross does
shirk,
Enlisted for life 'gainst sin and strife,
she gladly does her work;
Right leaders we feel sure they are,
the Soldiers they all help,
To share the cross and make our
Corps, one God can own and
bless.
—One of the Number.

A WEDDING IN THE NORTH.

New Liskeard.—Backsliders are returning to God and souls are being saved. A wedding took place here recently. Major D. Creighton performed the ceremony in the absence of Major McLean, our D. O. The Hadleybury, Engleheart and Cobalt Officers were present, also Captain During. A supper was afterwards held, to which about forty-five persons sat down.

Sergeant-Major Darby is away at present. We miss his loud voice, which he is not ashamed to sound anywhere.

Portage la Prairie.—On Sunday, January 17th, our Officers, Ensign Colbert and Captain Watson conducted the meetings all day. God is blessing their efforts. Two precious souls volunteered to follow Jesus. They are taking their stand inside and out in the open-air.

THE BIBLE AS A WEAPON.

(Continued from page 7.)

Son cleanse us from all sin. (1 John i. 7.)

Ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise,

Having no hope,

And without God in the world:

But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. (Ephes. ii. 12, 13.)

Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things,

As silver and gold.

But with the Precious Blood of Christ,

As of a lamb without blemish and without spot. (1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

How much more shall the blood of Christ,

Who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God,

Purge your conscience from dead works, to serve the living God? (Heb. ix. 14.)

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me (John),

What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest.

And he said to me,

These are they which came out of great tribulation,

And have washed their robes,

And made them white

In the Blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,

And shall lead them unto living fountains of waters:

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. (Rev. vii. 13-17.)

Strength For the Weak.

But perhaps the most powerful of all Readings may be found amongst the wonderful incidents with which the Bible abounds. We are great people for illustrations. Rightly so, Jesus Christ was—the Gospel distinctly says of Him that “without a parable” (that is an illustration) “spake He not unto them.” But one of the great advantages of these Bible incidents and parables is, that while they are generally so striking as to hold the attention even of the most thoughtless, and to obtain a place in the people's memories, they also suggest and carry home their own lessons. Let me give you two examples of such readings. There are, no doubt, many others that are more striking, but I have selected these because they are so simple.

You want to give a word of cheer and encouragement to some of the weak and timid souls around you, or to those who have to meet special opposition in their homes or work, and who fear the foe. I think the following, from Judges iv., would be found useful:—

And Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lapidoth, she judged Israel at that time.

And she rent and said Barak: the son of Abimeon out of Kedesh-naphtali, and said unto him, Thus not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, go and draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and the children of Zebulun?

And I will draw unto thee to the river Kishon Sisera, the captain of Jabin's army with his chariots and his multitudes, and I will deliver him into thine hand.

And Barak said unto her, If thou wilt go with me then I will go: but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go.

And she said, I will surely go with thee: notwithstanding the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honour; for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman. And Deborah arose, and went with Barak to Kedesh.

And Sisera gathered together all his chariots, even nine hundred chariots of iron, and all the people that were with him, from Harosheth of the Gentiles unto the river of Kishon.

And Deborah said unto Barak, Up; for this is the day in which the Lord hath delivered Sisera into thine hand: is not the Lord gone out before thee? So Barak went down from Mount Tabor, and ten thousand men after him.

And the Lord discomfited Sisera, and all his chariots, and all his host, with the edge of the sword before Barak; so that Sisera lighted down off his chariot and fled away on his feet.

But Barak pursued after the chariots, and after the host, unto Harosheth of the Gentiles; and all the host of Sisera fell upon the edge of the sword; and there was not a man left.

Here was God showing Himself strong to deliver His people because of that one brave woman's heart: she dared to go up with Barak, and so God went with her, and the foe was driven.

TWO NEWFOUNDLAND COMRADES JOIN FORCES.

Ensign Noel and Captain Cole United by Staff-Captain Barr.

On December 30th, at Campbellton, Captain N. Cole and Ensign M. Noel took that important step which changed the name of the latter and made glad the hearts of both.

Staff-Captain Barr, the Chancellor, and Ensign Peter Sainsbury were on hand to see that the ceremony was put through in good style. The journey there by train, open boat and Shanks' pony, had been a cold, though pleasant one, but in the event of the evening, such a small affair as a trip of four or five miles in an open boat at the end of December was soon forgotten.

A large crowd filled the Barracks, and when the Chancellor arose, with a little red book in hand, all were deeply interested in the proceedings. The “I will's” were pronounced with no uncertain sound, and our two comrades were launched out on the matrimonial sea, much to the delight of the audience, and to the unknown happiness of themselves.

Speeches were made by the bride and bridegroom, and Ensign Sainsbury, and some fatherly advice was given by the Staff-Captain. The Soldiers at Campbellton had prepared a little wedding supper, which was appreciated and enjoyed.

The whole proceedings closed with the Doxology, all feeling that a pleasant and enjoyable evening had been the outcome of this happy event.

Next morning at 7 a. m., the Chancellor and Ensign Sainsbury started out on their return journey. A walk of two miles and a half brought them once more to the bay, which, during the night, had been doing wonders in the freezing line. With the aid of sail and oar, and rocking and breaking of ice, this part of the journey was accomplished, and chilled to the bone, they were placed on the further shore, with a walk of three miles through the bush, with the snow knee-deep, ahead of them. However, the glad sight of the railway track and the cars eventually appeared and all was well.

The Chancellor has an idea that there are easier tasks than tramping up to the knees in snow, through the bush, carrying your baggage.

May God grant Captain and Mrs. Noel many, many years of usefulness and blessing.—“Flannigan.”

COMMISSIONING OF LOCALS.

Brigadier Taylor Conducts Service at the Temple.

The Local Officers of the Temple for the coming year were recently commissioned by Brigadier Taylor. After outlining the various duties of the different Local Officers, he called on the census board locals to stand. As now arranged these are as follows: Bro. Robertson, Sergeant-Major; Bro. McCartney, Asst. Sergeant-Major; Bro. Rice, Treasurer; Sister Symington, Secretary; Bro. Lang, J. S. M. Sergt.-Major Robertson then spoke on their behalf. The Songsters were then commissioned, Staff-Captain Easton giving a brief address. Brother Bradley was appointed to the task of looking after those who used to be Salvation Soldiers. He is to visit them and try to help them over their difficulties, and win them back, if possible.

A number of long service locals also received badges. The veterans of over twenty years service were Brothers McCartney, Bradley, Cranfield, and Sisters Bradley, Ferrier, Tyrell and Symington. Brother McCartney spoke on their behalf, while Brother Gould spoke on behalf of the fifteen year service locals, and Brother Rice on behalf of the ten year olds. A stirring charge was then delivered by Ensign Bristow to his Local Officers and Soldiers, and the benediction was pronounced.

A SONG SERVICE.

Backsliders Return.—The P. O. Visits Corps.

Chatham, N. B.—Last week we had the joy of seeing two backsliders return and prove the love and mercy of God.

Our visit to Newcastle on the evening of Commissioner Cadman's lecture proved a pleasant trip. The Commissioner's lecture was interesting and instructive.

A service, “The Availing Rock of Ages,” as rendered by Captain Moore and Captain Andrews, from Newcastle; Captain White, from St. John, and our worthy leaders, Ensign March and Lieutenant Mercer, assisted by some of our Locals, proved a success, and showed with great effect the attractions of the Cross as against the pleasures and profits of this world.

We greatly enjoyed the visit of Colonel Turner and his assistant, Captain White; and we believe that much good was accomplished through their efforts. The Colonel gave us a deep insight into the subject of his Sunday night's discourse, “The Unpardonable Sin.”

Our to-day is crowned with a bright record, and our future holds out golden possibilities.—Sergeant Craig.

WHAT'S ON AT NEEPAWA?

Neepawa, Man.—Sister Cato took the lesson on Sunday afternoon, January 24th, and one soul sought salvation. Our little Band is doing well. People are getting interested in it. Brother Petch read at night, and two hands were raised for prayer.

In the short time that Captain and Mrs. Lankin have been here, four comrades have been enrolled, three babies dedicated and many souls have sought salvation and purity. Several sick comrades need our prayers just now.

MAJOR SIMCO AND CAPT. GOLDEN AT UXBRIDGE.

Eighty-Four Seekers in a Week.

Major Simco, in connection with her prolonged campaigns, which have now been going on since November, is having real good times. Unfortunately there was a break through ill-health, but she is once again on the war path. So far she has visited Bowmanville, Uxbridge, Lindsay, and is now at St. Catharines, and the latest reports we have from her are those referring to Lindsay, Uxbridge, and St. Catharines. During the ten day's campaign at Lindsay the Lord's power was manifested. A novel feature in the opening meeting of the campaign was the unveiling and presentation of a brand new drum. The attendances increased as the meetings went on, and additional seats had to be obtained towards the end of the series. Several backsliders were restored, and when one old veteran, who had stepped aside, returned to the fold, there was hardly a dry eye in the place, and there was much rejoicing. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Uxbridge has been blessed by a very successful revival campaign, conducted by Major Simco and her very able assistant, Captain Golden. During the nine days' campaign here, eighty-four souls have knelt at the mercy seat, twenty-four souls for sanctification, twenty-one for salvation, and thirty-nine children for salvation. Splendid crowds attended the meetings every night, and on Sundays even standing room was at a premium.

The sweet and inspiring singing of the Captain and the heart-searching talks of the Major convicted many, and hardened backsliders of years, wept their way back to the cross. Among those who came out was a father and his three daughters; husband and wife; mother and daughter.

On Sunday night, almost before the invitation was given, one man, who sat away at the back of the Hall, walked boldly up to the mercy seat and cried for mercy, and soon his dear wife was at his side, and afterwards rejoiced together in having found the Saviour.

On Tuesday night the Major gave a farewell lecture on “Pioneer Days in The S. A.,” a subject which was very much enjoyed by all.

Mr. T. C. Nicols, one of the leading business men of the town, took the chair, and, in his address, he stated that ever since The Army opened fire in Uxbridge, many years ago, he has closely watched its progress, and that he has never seen as much good done, or the Corps in such a prosperous condition as it has been during the past few months.

Everybody unites in saying Come again, Major! Come again, Captain.—C. C., for Captain T. I. Walkinson.

GOOD JAIL MEETING.

North Bay.—We had a glorious time at the Jail last Sunday morning, and when asked to volunteer for Christ, four held up their hands to signify their desire to lead a better life. Three men also held up their hands for our prayers. Our cottage meetings are also proving a great success. Last week one soul was saved, and this week two more asked for our prayers. On Wednesday last, we had one soul seeking God's pardon.—A. L. Jones.

✧ In a Prison of Ice. ✧

What It Feels Like to be Immured in the Crevasse of a Glacier.



"I Felt the Snow Give Way Under My Feet, and Became Conscious of Falling Down, Down Into the Darkness."

snow-bridge concealing a crevasse, and as I turned round, I felt the snow give way under my feet and became conscious of falling down, down, down into the darkness!

As it is a very rare occurrence for anyone to survive such a fall, it ought to be interesting to describe my sensations. I was perfectly conscious of all that happened, but as though under a powerful anaesthetic, I felt no pain. There was nothing disagreeable about the act of falling; I merely wondered when and where it would finish. Had the distance been greater I believe I should have lost my senses altogether.

Presently, however, my downward progress ceased abruptly, and I found myself immersed in water up to my chest, only prevented from slipping farther by the pressure of my elbows and knees against the ice. None of my limbs were broken, although I was now aware that I had received several heavy blows, for the back of my head and my hands were bleeding. As far as I could judge, I was about fifty feet from the surface.

In An Unpleasant Position.

A few seconds after, one of the guides came to the opening far above

—the hole in the snow-bridge made by my fall—and shouted down, inquiring anxiously whether I was still alive, and, afterwards, how I was situated. I answered that I was not so badly off with regard to position, but I was in ice-cold water up to my chest. It was a very trying moment for me just then, for I knew that the guides had not brought any ropes with them.

My friends at once realised the seriousness of my position, and, eager to extricate me without delay, they all took off their puttees, fastened them together, and lowered the extemporised rope down to me. With the combined puttees of my four companions they made a double line, which, with some difficulty I managed to tie round me. It was anything but easy to get the rope fastened, for if I had slackened my pressure on the walls of my icy prison, I might easily have fallen farther down and been drowned.

Efforts at Rescue.

When once I had got the puttees well around me, they started to pull me up, but, as might have been expected, the puttees were not strong enough for this unusual task, and broke after getting me up half a yard. By this time, the terrible cold was gnawing into my vitals, and I realised that unless help came very soon, I had not long to live. I, therefore, shouted to my friends to leave the puttees and to run off and try to get a rope as soon as possible.

That first half hour went by with maddening slowness; I felt like a man condemned to death, and only awaiting for the arrival of the executioner. I asked what the time was every five minutes, and each time they told me, I made a little calculation, reckoning how long I had to wait, and speculating as to whether I had any prospect at all of getting out of my icy grave alive. In order to keep from freezing, I beat my hands alternately against the wall, and then, keeping tight hold with both hands, I moved my legs as vigorously as possible. Momentarily I felt my strength and power of resistance diminishing, as the awful cold took effect, and I knew that help must come soon, or be too late. After the guides had been absent an hour and a quarter, one of my friends suddenly shouted down to me, saying that he thought he could hear them returning already. It sounded too good to be true, for I calculated I should have to wait at least another quarter of an hour, and I murmured drowsily that I did not believe it.

"It's true," he said joyfully. "I can hear them. I can see them! Cheer up, Nyquist! here they are, coming at full speed."

I started to breathe easier at once, although I was very excited; and before long, I too, could hear the voices of my rescuers.



"Cheer Up, Nyquist! Here They Are Coming at Full Speed."

"Thank God, I am saved!" was my exclamation.

Saved at Last.

Soon the guides arrived, and speedily lowered a stout rope down to me. It was some time, however, before I could get it fastened round me, having only one hand free at a time. The result was that when they began to pull me up, the rope acted like a noose; the more they hauled the tighter it grew round my chest, making it very difficult for me to breathe, but I endured the agony as best I could. They raised me for about thirty-five feet, and then—horror of horrors!—it was found that the crevasse was too narrow to allow my body to pass! They tried again, but finally had to give it up. By this time I could hardly get my breath, and asked to be lowered down again, hoping that the awful pressure of the rope might relax. Presently I heard some murmurings going on above, and suddenly discovered I was being hoisted up again. I got as far as the narrow part, with my friends still hauling, and then the ice began to squeeze my chest and ribs terribly. I became very dizzy, and had great difficulty in breathing, but realised that I was still moving slowly upwards. It was only by superhuman efforts, however, that they could get me through. Then, at last, after being just on two hours immured in that icy prison, I felt solid ground under my feet, but had no strength left to keep myself upright, and I collapsed limply. It appears I looked more dead than alive when pulled up—I was bleeding in several places, my head and hands were white as a sheet, and I was covered with snow. I had no other wish in the world just then than to be in a nice warm bed. I felt I wanted to lie down quietly and be left alone, but my comrades did not leave me in peace for an instant. They rubbed me vigorously, gave me a stimulant, and very slowly I felt my strength returning. In about a quarter of an hour's time I was able to stand upright. When I felt fit to proceed one of the guides lent me a ski, as I had lost one of mine while being pulled up, and we started down the Mer de Glace on our return to Chamonix. I fell down about every five yards, but as I was now roped to one of the guides, no further accident happened.

The lesson Mr. Nyquist points out to all, is that when mountain climbing, don't get ahead of the guide. Salvationists might take a good lesson from this story too. We are climbing the steep ascent to Heaven, and there are many dangerous crevasses to be avoided. Let us submit ourselves entirely to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and we will reach the end of our journey safely. If we trust to ourselves, we will fall into the abyss of error and evil, and may perish.

THE G. B. M. MAN AT NEW GLASGOW.

We have had a visit from Captain Gilkinson, the G. B. M. man at New Glasgow, N. S. On Saturday, January 23rd, he gave a lantern service entitled "For the Master's Sake," which was very interesting; a good crowd was present. He led us on all day Sunday, and the audience listened very attentively to his Bible readings, which he handled very effectively. At night our Hall was packed, and we rejoiced over one soul seeking salvation.—A. B. B. M.

D. O. VISITS FOREST.

Staff-Captain Hay visited Forest, Ont., on Saturday, January 23rd. Two comrades were enrolled under the flag, fourteen Local Officers commissioned, and Brother and Sister Watts' child was dedicated. We had good meetings on the following Sunday. In the morning meeting the Soldiers knelt around the Captain, and gave themselves afresh to God. Secretary Nelson sold one hundred Christmas Crys.—L. P. T.

On January 18th, the Local Officers of Saskatoon were commissioned, and on January 17th, the Bandsmen, nine in number, also received their commissions.

Captain Williams, the G.B.M. agent, gave us his lantern service, "Paying the Fare," on January 11th. A good crowd enjoyed the meeting very much.—H. M.

A WRITER in the "World Wide" Magazine thus describes his experiences in ascending one of the Alpine peaks. It gives a most vivid picture of difficulties experienced by those who are engaged in mountaineering.

During the winter of 1907 I went to Chamonix and had occasion to make several interesting excursions. One of them, a trip up to the Mer de Glace on skis, was more than interesting—in fact, it nearly cost me my life.

Our party consisted of two friends of mine, and two guides. We left our hotel in sledges early in the morning, and three-quarters of an hour later met our guides, ready to begin the ascent.

The Party Starts Out.

At first everything went splendidly, the only drawback being that it was absolutely useless to put on our skis before getting up to the glacier, as there was not sufficient snow in the woods and on the mountain side. Besides carrying my own skis, I had my knapsack, containing, amongst other things, three Kodaks, which, I am sorry to say, met with rather a sad fate that day.

Getting up towards the glacier, the snow was very deep in some places, so we had to put on our skis, although progress was slow, for we were compelled to creep amongst rocks and big stones.

Presently one of our guides took the lead, and we walked on steadily but slowly for some miles, having bits of ice-climbing in between. It was about a quarter to eleven when I looked at my watch, and about two minutes afterwards an accident happened from which I never expected to emerge alive.

Before going into details I may mention that I had passed the guides and was taking the lead—a thing, of course, which one never ought to do. I was discussing with one of the guides, who was at the time a few yards behind me, which way to go. He told me we had to turn off a bit to the left in order to get above some ice-rocks further on.

An Unexpected Tumble.

While speaking to him I must have been standing with my ski across a

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

SOUTH AMERICA.

A week-end soul-saving campaign was recently conducted by Colonel Taylor at Monte Video. Several sought pardon. A Junior meeting was also held, about eighty children being present.

While visiting recently, the Officers of Buenos Ayres II. called at the house of a drunkard, who tremblingly invited them indoors. They talked and prayed with both him and his wife, who eventually sought pardon. Meetings were later held in the house, which was crowded, numbers standing round the doorway listening intently to the salvation messages.

A Sunday morning meeting at No. 1. Corps, led by Major and Mrs. Souter, concluded with several seekers kneeling at the mercy seat. At night, Mrs. Souter conducted a salvation meeting at the same Corps, while the Major visited Boca, led an English meeting, in which five captures were made.

The British Consul has visited the Ingeniero White Sailors' Home, and expressed himself as being pleased with the improvements that have been effected. Eight additional rooms one with twelve beds, have been added to the building.

FRANCE.

Mrs. Booth's Visit.—In connection with Mrs. Booth's visit to the Riveira, meetings have been arranged for her in Paris as well as Nimes and Lyons.

Lieut.-Colonel Cooke will commence a Spiritual Campaign in France on the completion of his Swiss meetings.

Some time ago a Spanish family crossed the frontier and settled in France. The man and wife were both drunkards, and taught their daughter to steal. When she did not bring sufficient money home the inhuman parents beat her unmercifully.

One day the girl fled, and, after tramping thirty miles, arrived at Mazamet. Here she was directed to The Army, and was taken in and cared for by the Officers. Numbers of people who had never been near The Army before, became interested in the case, and ultimately in the Organisation.

Several of these provided an outfit for the girl, and she was eventually sent to the Nimes Rescue Home.

SWEDEN.

One hundred new Cadets have entered the Training Home.

An encouraging revival at Gefle is reported. During six days five hundred souls came out, more than two hundred of whom were for salvation. At Skane, over thirty souls have come out during four days, and another hard Corps close at hand, namely, Lammham, has had forty souls in a few days.

ITALY.

Doctor Turner has returned to England as sufficient medical assistance is now available locally. Commissioner Cosandy is endeavouring to make a specialty of distributing Blankets at Calabria, of which there is a great need, the nights being bitterly cold. The Lord Mayor of London has telegraphed the International Aid Committee, asking them to grant us liberal assistance.

HOLLAND.

Colonel Bullard has commenced a five weeks tour in Holland, after which he will proceed to Norway.

SWITZERLAND.

The Town Council of Zurich has given Frs. 5,000 (\$975.00) towards the purchase of a new Rescue Home.

INDIA.

Colonel Bates upon completing his Audit of the various Indian Territories, will return to England.

The South-Indian Self-Denial target was only Rs. 1,500 (\$727.50) and our

ings, and are a great help in teaching the tunes. The Imperial Household Band is considered to be the finest band in the East. It is made up of twenty-five Koreans, under the direction of a first-class German musician. These bandmen have duties to perform at the palace, and they figure in all public functions in Seoul.

One of the recent converts was formerly a private Secretary to Prince Eui Wha, the second son of the last Emperor of Korea. In spite of many difficulties, Colonel Haggard says that a really marvellous work of salvation is going on.



Lieut.-Colonel George Mitchell.
Bandmaster of the Famous International Staff Band.

comrades have raised Rs. 1,951 (\$946.25). Our Cingalise forces have raised Rs. 3,500 (\$1,697.50) an advance of Rs. 500 (\$242.50) upon their target.

JAVA.

The Government of Java has made a grant of 1,000 guilden (\$400.00) to meet the expenses of bringing out two more Officers to assist in fighting the Malaria. They will also provide the cost of the maintenance and local travelling of the Officers.

KOREA.

A Bandsman of the Imperial Household Band has been saved, and is now very earnest for the conversion of his mates. As a result of this, nine other bandsmen have professed salvation and attended our meetings. Two of them play instruments in the meet-

RESULT OF HARD WORK.

Blenheim Going Ahead.

When Captain McGorman and Lieutenant Emmons arrived in Blenheim last October, things looked black for even ordinary meetings to be held, much less a revival. (Blenheim has nine organisations at work in the town of seventeen hundred people.)

However, the two young Officers set to work with might and main, and since their arrival fifty-four souls have knelt at the mercy seat.

Everyone in town has been visited by the Officers and the attendances have risen from an average of five or six, to sixty and seventy. Week-night prayer meetings are proving of great blessing, thirty-five being the highest attendance so far.

Four comrades were recently enrolled.

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Progress of S. A. Bands Throughout the World.

COMMISSIONER HOWARD LEADS A MAGNIFICENT GATHERING.

The Band and Songster festival, held in connection with the Chief of the Staff's Annual Councils for Bandmasters and Songster Leaders, took place at Clapton Congress Hall recently, and we venture to say (says the British Cry) that no organisation but The Army could have gathered together such an enthusiastic and responsive audience as that which filled the historic Hall for this splendid gathering.

By six o'clock, an hour before the meeting was to commence, the commodious building was half full; by 6.30 there was only standing room; and when, two or three minutes before seven, Commissioner Howard, who presided, came on the platform, the assembled throng had overflowed into every accessible nook and corner.

What was the secret of it all? Behind Commissioner Howard—with whom were Commissioner Carleton and Colonel Badle—was a solid wedge of brightly-uniformed Bandsmen, their instruments flashing in the electric light; before him and on either side was a sea of eager faces, uplifted in faith and expectation. Outside, others were vainly clamouring for admission.

Salvationists love to recall in this way the time, not so many years ago, when, as Commissioner Howard, quoting The General, expressed it, the few Army Bands then in existence were distinguished more for the volume of sound they produced than for anything else. They dwell, too, with fondness, upon the important part music and song have played in our history—how that The Army has indeed gone singing its way round the world; and they are proud to see and hear any latest evidence of the striking progress our Bands and Songsters are making.

The following figures submitted by the Chief, excite the liveliest interest:—

	1907	1908
No of Bands	871	916
Bandsmen	14,350	15,263
Songster Brigades	350	381
Songsters	5,500	6,424
Bandsmen in the world.	19,850	20,926

Though the loss in many instances is, no doubt, keenly felt by them, the Bandmasters and Songster Leaders in attendance do not hesitate to cheer the Chief in his expression of satisfaction at the fact that the batch of Cadets who have recently entered the Training Homes include four Bandmasters, two Deputy-Bandmasters, eighty-three Bandsmen, and 168 Songsters, the main proportion of the latter being women.

Channel.—We are having some good meetings. A number of souls have come back to God. On Monday night in our meeting, a woman who was never saved before volunteered outright. May she be kept true. On Thursday night, J. S.-M. Farrell and Sergeant J. Schard led the meeting. We are praying and believing for many more souls.—Ensign Hebditch.

The Story of a Might- Have-Been.



"It Fell to Will's Lot to be at the Door."

CHAPTER XI. CONCLUSION.

THE four guilty wretches who were fleeing from justice, did not catch sight of their pursuers, or perhaps they would not have stretched themselves out on the floor of the old shanty with such a feeling of security. Tethering their horses at the rear of the building, they drew lots as to who was to remain on watch, and the lot falling on Will, he stationed himself at the door, while the other three rolled themselves in their blankets and were soon fast asleep. It was with difficulty that Will kept himself awake, but by briskly marching to and fro in front of the shanty, and taking several pulls at the whiskey flask, he managed to drive off the heavy feeling which threatened to overpower him. He now fully realised the desperate position he was in, and wished with all his heart that he were well out of it. As he paced up and down, with eyes and ears alert for every sight and sound, a thousand recollections came to his mind.

Many a time during those hideous years of debauchery, had his heart turned towards his Canadian home, but he had always quenched whatever feelings of repentance arose within him, and turned once again to the saloon and card table. On this night he could not seem to banish the thoughts of home, of mother, and of what he might have been. In fancy he once more trod the streets of his native town, with Mabel by his side—where was she now—he wondered. Was she married to Charley, and was she happy? Then, once again he seemed to hear the young Army Captain, as he thundered out his message with the air of an old-time prophet:

"Dead to the world and all its joys, Jesus, my Glory be."

The words seemed to ring in his ears that night, and he could not bid them depart. "Joys of the world," he mused. "Humph! not much joy has come into my life since I forsook Christ for the world. I would to God I had been true to my convictions." Then he pictured himself kneeling at the Army penitent form and afterwards giving such a brave testimony. What a wonderful peace had filled his heart as he walked home that night. The stormy scenes he had had with his father came before him, but he felt no bitterness in his heart against those who had so cruelly wronged him. "They misunderstood me," he said to himself. O, Christ of pitying love, art Thou by the side of the poor wanderer in the lonely canyon of Montana, as he ponders o'er the past, and art Thou still striving with the poor strayed

sheep to return to Thy fold? Deep as he has sunk in sin, black though his heart may be with vice, red though his hand may be with the blood of a fellow creature, art Thou yet pleading with him to repent and believe? and is that hardened heart softening beneath Thy gentle touch? Poor Will then recollected the words of the Captain, as they parted at the gate of his home one night: "I urge you to be obedient to the Spirit or else you will make a fine old mess of your life."

Ah, yes, he had indeed lived to prove that there was truth in the Captain's words.

As Will pondered over those scenes in his early life, the face of his gentle and loving, though misguided, mother arose before him. He brushed away a tear with his coat sleeve, but others came, and silently he wept.

"Oh, if I was only back in the old home to-night," he said aloud, "I'd kneel again at that Army penitent form and I believe mother would be glad to see me there. If I get out of this scrape, I'll be done with this sort of life for ever, and try to make up

more of the sheriff's men fell to rise no more.

For the time being Will was unnoticed. He stood in the middle of the shanty, and took no part in the firing. When a lull came, Ike turned round and said:

"See here, what's the matter with you, anyway? You led us into this scrape, and now you refuse to stand by us. I've a good mind to riddle your carcass with bullets, only I'll want 'em for those fellers outside."

"Boys, I'm going to surrender to the sheriff," said Will, who was now as calm as before he had been agitated.

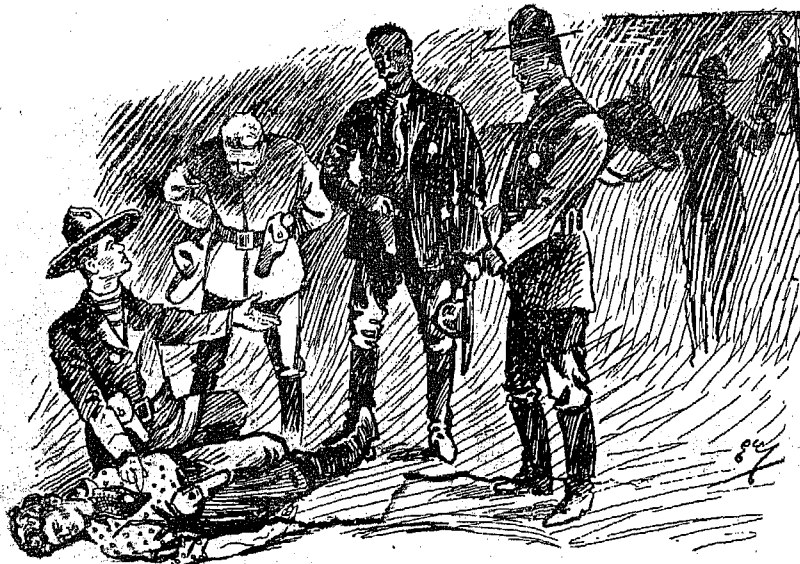
"Are yer crazy?" said Ike "the moment yer step outside that door they'll fix yer fer sure. Yer might as well die fighting as throw up the sponge like a coward."

"I'm no coward, Ike," said Will, "but I have resolved within the last few minutes to surrender to justice and take the punishment of the law."

Angry protests came from the three men, and they threatened Will with instant death if he stirred outside the door. So Will had nothing else to do but remain quietly where he was and await developments.

"What are they up to now, Ike?" said Slim Jim, after a long pause in the firing.

"Can't say," said Ike, "I'm getting sorter suspicious that they've got



"Do You Know Him?" "Yes," Said Harry Sinclair, "I Used to be His Father's Clerk."

for the errors of the past, by genuine repentance, and a new life.

Just then one of the horses whinnied. Hark! what was that answering whinny? Far down the canyon it echoed, and Will awoke to the grim fact that they were discovered. The avengers of blood were close at hand.

"Boys, wake up! there's strangers coming this way, and maybe they're looking for us!" he cried out, as he rushed into the shanty to warn his companions.

The three men sprang to their feet and prepared to meet the danger.

"Say, there's a whole pile of the skunks," said Big Ike, peeping through a crack, "they're the Sheriff's men, and they don't seem to think that they're in any sort of danger, either; I'll make them take to cover—just watch."

He opened fire with his heavy revolver, and two men dropped off their horses. The rest scattered and were soon lost to sight behind huge boulders.

"I told yer," said Ike with a satisfied sort of air. "Why what's up with you Willum—showing the white feather already?"

Will was shaking from head to foot, not with fright, but with conviction of sin. He saw in that moment, the awfulness of murder, and he stood before the bar of his own conscience—a murderer, for one of the ill-fated guards of the train had gone down before a shot from his gun. Falling on his knees and stretching out his hands, he cried out, "O Christ, forgive!"

"Say, here, this ain't no time for saying prayers," called out Ike. "Get up thar and help us to shoot these skunks down, or we'll all be strung up on a rope. Here they come again—let 'em have it boys."

Ike, Jim and Pard all opened fire now with deadly effect, and many

some trick on."

"What's that there noise?" said Pard. "Blazes! they've fired the hut, we'll have to do a dash for it, boys. Come on, it's our only chance."

Throwing open the door, he dashed out, closely followed by Ike and Jim, all three shrieking like madmen, and firing wildly at everything they fancied was a man. They had not gone far down the canyon before the reports of several rifles rang out, and the three desperadoes met the doom they had so often inflicted on others. As in a sort of dream, Will walked out of the burning shanty, resolved to surrender to the law. How could the men outside know what his motives were, however? As soon as he appeared within the circle of



Will Parker Sank to the Earth—Dead.

light caused by the fire, a voice called out, "There's the leader of the gang. Don't let him escape."

A sharp volley rang out, and, pierced by a dozen bullets, poor Will Parker sank to the earth—dead.

An hour later a stern-faced group of men gathered around a newly-dug grave in the lonely canyon. One by one they had heaped the dead bodies in it, and now stood ready to pile the earth on top.

Suddenly one of the sheriff's men started and looked intently at the white upturned face of poor Will Parker. Stooping down, he unfastened his jacket and discovered a small locket on his breast, suspended by a slight gold chain. He opened it, and gazed for some moments in silence at two portraits within. Under one was written, "Mother," under the other "Mabel."

The sheriff's man wiped away a tear. "What's the matter, Sinclair, did you ever know that tough?" asked the sheriff.

"Ah, yes," said Harry Sinclair, "I used to be his father's clerk. I little thought that he would come to this end."

As the sun rose over the mountains the sheriff's men rode back to town, and they led some riderless horses.

Soon afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Parker received the news of the sad death of their son, and, like a famous English King of whom we read, they never smiled again.

What a warning to parents this story should be, not to withhold their children from the Lord's service, and what a warning to young men not to disobey the voice of God.

Thus does our story end, sad ending it is true; we wish it were otherwise, but such is the story of a Might-have-been.

The End.

MISSING.

First insertion.

7055. CARSON, WILLIAM H. Age 37; short, sandy hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Was at one time working for farmers in Aylmer and Ottawa, Ont. Missing from Glasgow, Scotland.

7057. SMITH, WALTER. Left England for Canada in 1888 in care of Dr. Barnado. Last heard of in Omece, Ont., in 1893. Eldest brother enquires.

7068. BRICKFORD, JOHN S. Missing since July, 1908. Last address was Murillo, near Port Arthur, Ont. Labourer; age 48; height 5ft., 7in.; brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion; two fingers crooked and one leg longer than the other.

7066. CALLADINE. Age 35; height 5ft., 11in.; fair complexion, travelled all over the West. Last heard of eight years ago in Seattle, Wash. Had been in Hartline, Wash., and Grand Forks, B. C. Mother anxious. (See photo.)



7065. DOLMIDGE, MRS. E. Last heard of thirty years ago; was then living in Brandon, Man. Maiden name was Elizabeth Oliver. Sister Adeline enquires.

7067. JORDAN, MICHAEL. Missing eighteen months; was in Quebec the latter end of July, 1907. Age 35; height 5ft., 9½in.; fair hair; hazel eyes; fresh complexion. Navy gangster.

7069. VARNELL, SAMUEL; missing twelve months. Last given address, Oshawa, Ont. Age 47; height 5ft., 7in.; fair hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Carpenter.

7043. BRETT, FRED. Left Ipswich for Canada, May 14th, 1908; height 5ft., 8in.; very sharp featured; dark ginger hair; flat-footed, with large feet; tattoo marks on right arm. Address was Calumes P. O., Que. May go by name of Green.

7045. FREEMAN, RICHARD WM. Age 31; married; was a postman at Stalybridge, Eng. Height 5ft., 7in.; dark brown hair; blue eyes and fair, pale complexion. Missing since March, 1907; when he was in Hamilton, Ont. Thought of getting work on the railways.

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BAND INSTRUMENTS.

The Franco-British Exhibition has just awarded a Gold Medal to the Musical Instrument Department for excellence in the manufacture of Brass Instruments. The Department has now exhibited twice, and has secured a Gold Medal each time, the first occasion being at the New Zealand Exhibition last year.

New Zealand, 1907 --- GOLD MEDALS --- London, Eng., 1908

The Prices for "Our Own Make" in Class A are as follows:

	Brass	Silver Plated		Brass	Silver Plated
Cornets—The Bandmaster's—nothing			Euphoniums.....	75 00	110 00
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Flugel Horns.....	37 50	50 00		85 00	137 00
Tenors—Solo Model.....	50 00	67 50	Bass—Eb.....	105 00	170 00
Tenors.....	40 00	57 50	Bass—Medium.....	125 00	205 00
Baritones.....	55 00	82 50	Bass—Monstre.....		

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Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune.—Jesus, keep me near the Cross.

1 Heavenly Father, cleanse my heart,
Make it pure and holy;
With my idols I will part,
Thine I would be wholly.

Chorus.

Cleanse my soul, make me whole,
Fill me with Thy Spirit;
Not for aught that I have done,
But through Jesus' merit.

Oh, the pure and holy joy,
Which my Father gives me;
Peace which nothing can destroy,
Jesus reigns within me.

Oh, the precious, priceless love,
In my heart abiding;
Flowing from the Throne above!
In the Rock I'm hiding.

Tune.—The precious blood is flowing,
B. J., 11, C and C.; Song Book,
No. 356.

2 "There flows a stream from My
riven side,"
Tenderly the Lord is speaking;
"For sin-stained hearts is the cleans-
ing tide"—
Will you heed the gracious words?

Chorus.

The precious blood is flowing o'er
my heart,
It is cleansing, it is cleansing.
Before its waves my sin and fear de-
part;
It is flowing o'er my heart.

"Your will as throne will you yield
to Me?
As King am I o'er your soul to be?"
"In love My life was laid down for
thee;
A sin-cleansed heart wilt thou give
to Me?"

Praise and Experience.

Tunes.—Christ for me, 124; Behold,
behold the Lamb, 122; Song
Book, No. 325.

3 Come, let us all unite and sing,
God is Love;
Let Heaven and earth their praises
bring;
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Each in his heart sweet music make,
And sing with us for Jesus' sake—
God is love.

Oh, tell to earth's remotest bound,
In Christ we have redemption found!
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day,
And now we can rejoice to say—
God is love.

Tunes.—For ever with the Lord, 68;
Silchester, 75.

4 I'm glad salvation's free,
And without price or cost;
For had it been for me to buy,
My soul must have been lost.

Chorus.

I'm glad salvation's free.

Once I was blind and lost,
Of sin and sorrow full!
But now I'm saved through Jesus'
blood,
I feel it in my soul.

O comrades, hear me sing,
My song of victory!
For without money, without price,
I've found salvation free.

Salvation.

Tune.—Begone, vain world, B.B., 213.
Begone, vain world!

5 Thou hast no charms for me,
My captive soul
Has long been held by thee;
I listened long,
To thy vain song,
And thought thy music sweet,
And thus my soul
Lay grovelling at thy feet.

THE COMMISSIONER

Will Conduct Special Meetings at

THE TEMPLE, Monday, February 15

Commissioner Cadman's Farewell, and Marriage Ceremony of Ensign
G. W. Peacock and Captain H. Chislett. The Chief Secretary will assist.

WESTMORELAND AVE. ME TH. CHURCH, Monday, March 1

The Commissioner will give His Famous Moving Picture Service,
"FROM BETHLEHEM TO CALVARY."

Amazing grace!
Does Jesus plead for me?
Then sure I am
The captive must be free,
For while He does
For sinners plead,
He's anxious to prevail,
And I believe
His blood can never fail.

Tunes.—Hursley, 7; Monmouth, 9;
Song Book, No. 11.

6 Oh, come and look a while on
Him,
Whom we have pierced—who
for us died;
Together let us look and mourn:
The Christ of God is crucified.

Shall we refuse to hear Him speak?
Dare we the Sinless One deride?
Surely on Him our sins were laid;
Jesus for us is crucified.

His cross of shame is all our hope:
The fountain opened in His side
Shall purge our deepest stains away;
With Jesus we are crucified.

THE MASSEY HALL

During the Winter a Series of
Striking Sunday Night Special
Meetings will be held in this Hall.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN—February 14.

The First Salvation Army Captain.
The Commissioner has travelled
round the world, and has been in-
strumental in leading thousands of
souls to Christ.

COLONEL MAPP, the Chief Secre-
tary, will assist.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS—February 21.
Assisted by T. H. Q. Staff Band and
Headquarter's Staff.

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL—February 28.

The Alexander Choir will sing.
LIEUT.-COL. PUGMIRE will preside.

LIEUT.-COL. and MRS. GASKIN

DOVERCOURT—Sunday, February
21st.

HAMILTON II.—Saturday Night and
Sunday Morning, February 27th
and 28th. (Mrs. Gaskin only Sun-
day Afternoon and Night.)

HAMILTON III.—Sunday Afternoon
and Night, February 28th.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin will
conduct a united meeting in Hamilton
on Monday, March 1st.

West Toronto S. A. Barracks,
TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 16th,

DR. GILMOUR,

Warden of Central Prison,

Will lecture on

"PRISONS."

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE WILL
PRESIDE.

Headquarters' Specials.

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL AND
CAPTAIN MARDALL.

Lippincott—Thursday, February 11th,
to Monday, February 15th.

STAFF-CAPT. TURPIN'S BRIGADE.
Dovercourt—Thursday, Feb. 11th, to
Monday, Feb. 15th.

THE SIMULTANEOUS Soul-Saving Campaign SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman,

The first Salvation Army Captain,
will conduct Great Soul-Saving
Meetings as follows:

THE TEMPLE, TORONTO—Sunday,
Feb. 14th; 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Mon-
day, February 15th.

MONTREAL I.—Thursday, Feb. 18th.
Farewell to Canada.

BRIGADIER ADBY

Will conduct Great Soul-Saving Meet-
ings as follows:—

WINNIPEG—Wednesday, February
10th, to Monday, February 22nd.

BRANDON—Wednesday, February
24th, to Monday, March 1st.

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS

Who has been an Officer over Thirty
years, from International Head-
quarters, will conduct

GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS

Montreal II.—Saturday, February 6th,
to February 15th.

Kingston—Wednesday, February 17th,
to February 22nd.

Bellefleur—Wednesday, February
24th, to March 1st.

Cobourg—Wednesday, March 3rd,
to March 8th.

MAJOR AND MRS T. PLANT.

From International Headquarters,
London, England; Musical Won-
ders, world-wide travellers, Song-
sters and Instrumentalists, will
visit the following Corps, conduct-
ing a unique Musical Demonstra-
tion entitled, "Round the World in
a Chariot of Music and Song:—"

Vancouver I.—February 14th.

Nanaimo—February 17th.

Victoria—February 20th.

Vancouver—February 23rd.

MAJOR SIMCO

will visit

Orillia—Saturday, February 13th, to
Tuesday, February 23rd.

Midland—Saturday, February 27th, to
Tuesday, March 9th.

THE T. H. Q. STAFF BAND

MASSEY HALL—February 14th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Backus, Eastern Prov.—
Shelburne, Feb. 8, 9; Liverpool,
Feb. 10, 11; Bridgewater, Feb. 12;
Lunenburg, Feb. 13, 14.

Captain Wilkinson, Eastern Province—
Dominion, February 8, 9; Port
Morién, Feb. 10, 11; Whitney Pier,
Feb. 12-14.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Campbellford, February 8-10; Belle-
ville, Feb. 11, 12; Deseronto, Feb.
13, 14.

Captain Lloyd, West Ont. Prov.—
Uxbridge, February 9, 10; Hamil-
ton, Feb. 11, 12; Hamilton II, Feb.
13-15.

MISSING.



6981. MAPLES, or
WAPLES, WILLIAM.
Canadian; age 36;
tall; black hair, blue
eyes; fair; married.
Was last heard from
in March last, when
he was either in
Pottsville, or Botts-
ville, Penn. He was
travelling all the time selling pic-
tures for himself. Crooked arm. (See
photograph.)

5844. PERCEVAL, M. W. C. Doc-
tor of medicine. Age 58; height 5 ft.
11 in.; grey hair, dark eyes, pale
complexion. Last heard of 1903, when
he was in Patea Tarrantz, N. Z.
Later reports say that he in the U.S.
somewhere. May go by name of
Montague. Missing five years.

6915. EMBELM, R. E. Last heard
of December, 1906, from Crystal City,
Man. Important news awaits him at
100 Lower Road, Rotherhithe, Lon-
don, S.E.

7048. SHERLOCK, WALTER. Miss-
ing since August, 1907. Last address
was Athlone, Golden, B. C.; age
44, height 5 ft. 11 in.; brown hair;
blue eyes; medium complexion. Was
a soldier, and has slight scar over
one eyebrow. Sister anxious.

7049. KENNEDY, JOHN. Age 23;
height 5 ft. 10 in.; dark hair, dark
eyes; stoops slightly; weighed 190
pounds when he left Halifax five
years ago. Last heard of in Spokane,
Wash. News anxiously sought.

7050. DICKSON, J. M. Complexion
fair; round-faced, and blue eyes;
height 5 ft. 10 in. His sister, who
enquires, last heard from him in
1892, when he was in France. He
was with a saloon-keeper, and is sup-
posed to have gone to Buffalo, U. S.
A. (American Cry please copy.)

7051. FOOTE, J. H. B. Age 26;
height medium; fair hair and com-
plexion; blue eyes; carpenter. Miss-
ing since October, 1906, when he was
at Bonnington Falls, Nekan, Canada.

6600. LENNIE, DAVID G. Came to
Canada last April and booked through
to Calgary. He is a tailor's cutter.
Age 34; height 5 ft. 7 in.; brown hair,
grey eyes; fair complexion; broad
Scotch accent. He was accompanied
by his brother Tom, and a friend
named Craig Neilson.

7052. MCGURK, PETER. Disap-
peared from Brockville, Ont., Octob-
er 19th, 1908. May have been suffer-
ing from sunstroke. Age 39; height
5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair; grey
eyes; tanned complexion. Was em-
ployed at foundry. Mother anxious.

6612. SIMS, HENRY DREW. Age
34; height 5 ft. 8 in.; thin face; medi-
um hair. Last known to be in Aus-
tralia. May have returned to Can-
ada. Will any person knowing the
whereabouts of Sims please commu-
nicate with nearest S. A. Officer, who
will notify this Department direct.

A Call to the Front

WANTED—for the next Session
of Training, commencing in
February, 1909, a number of con-
secrated young men and women.
To those who are anxious to use
their time and talents in building
up the Kingdom of God—and thus
laying up treasure in Heaven—this
is an opportunity the angels would
covet.

Time is fleeting! and with it your
opportunities. You cannot recall the
past, but the future is YOURS.

To the front! no more delaying;
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front! the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.

Apply TO-DAY to your Provincial Com-
mander, or to

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL,
Candidates' Department,
S. A. Temple,
Toronto, Ont.